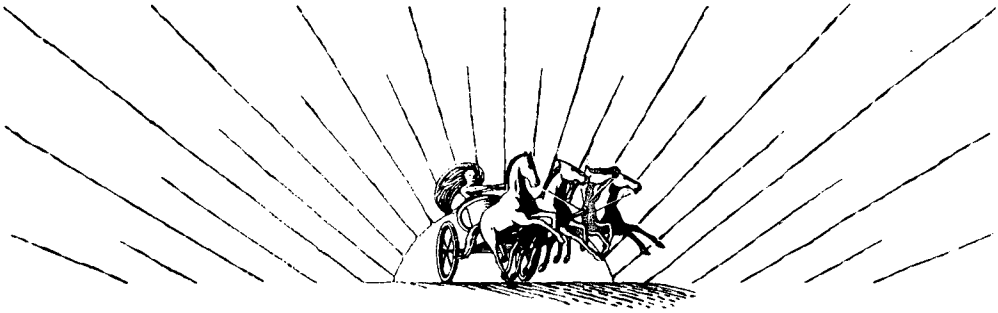


THE LIVING AGE

FOUNDED 1844 BY E. LITTELL : PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

Spring Trouble Number

Contents for March 20, 1926

A WEEK OF THE WORLD 607

A STORMY SESSION . . . . *From the Hungarian Press Gallery* 613
Parliamentary Government under a Dictator

SNAPSHOTS OF THE CHINESE WHIRLPOOL 620
Marionettes of Russian-Japanese Rivalry?
I. EPISTOLARY PAMPHLETEERS . . . . *Three Tuchuns*
II. HOW FENG TOOK TIENTSIN . . *Dr. M. Von Blankenstein*
III. A PEACEMAKER'S DEFEAT . . *Morita Fukumatsu, M.D.*

SONG . . . . . *E. N. daC. Andrade* 628
A Poem

HOW THE SOVIET GOVERNMENT MOVED TO MOSCOW *V. D. Bonch-Bruevich* 629
The Chief of the Cheka Writes History

TRAIN TALK IN THE BALKANS . . . . . *Luciano Magrini* 633
How the Pawns See the Balkan Chessboard

A CONRAD HEROINE IN REAL LIFE. . . . . *Léonie Villard* 637
The Background of 'Suspense'

HOME FROM THE SEA . . . . . *J. B. Priestley* 640
Reflections of a Repatriated Landlubber

YOUR HONOR . . . . . *Liam O'Flaherty* 643
Working Mr. Gilhooley

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS 646

BOOKS ABROAD 650

OUR OWN BOOKSHELF 652

15¢ A COPY — *The Living Age Company, Boston* — $5 A YEAR

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE HOUNDS OF SPRING

By SYLVIA THOMPSON

A MOVING and intensely dramatic story in which the loss of her fiancé in the war so wounds a young English girl that she is unable to face the future squarely. Indifferent and hopeless she drifts into a loveless marriage.

"A Solid and Glittering Performance"

"A solid and glittering performance. This twenty-four-year-old girl seems to have been born armed head to foot with the technical equipment of the novelist. The sheer virtuosity of Miss Thompson's performance casts The Constant Nymph into shadow . . . the language is alive and sinewy . . . the story 'do move'. Before long American Sunday editors will be cabling 'Who Is Sylvia'."

HARRY SALPETER in the N. Y. World

Ideals and The New Generation

"Miss Thompson deserves all the high praise she will receive for this novel. . . . Idealistic ardor glows in this story. If any men and women are absurd enough to go on repeating that fallacious dogmatic assertion that the new generation lacks ideals, they should read The Hounds of Spring from the first chapter unto the last."

D. F. G. in the Boston Transcript

"Something more than merely modern . . . unfailingly interesting."

GERTRUDE ATHERTON

"It is a big book, deeply felt and honestly written with moments of real emotion".

ANNE PARRISH in the Saturday Review

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY BOOKSHOP
8 Arlington St., Boston

Gentlemen: Enclosed find.....(or charge my account) and mail THE HOUNDS OF SPRING.

Name.....*City*.....

Street.....*State*.....

SYLVIA THOMPSON is one of the group of younger writers who have developed since the World War. Born in 1902, in Scotland, she first started writing when she was sixteen — disdaining advice to seek a career on the stage or the silver screen.

Miss Thompson was educated at Cheltenham, and at Somerville College, Oxford, whose debating teams are famous in America. She accompanied the British Delegation to the Twenty-Third Interparliamentary Conference at Washington. She has other tastes, however, not quite so serious — for dancing, traveling and ice-cream, for example — while English seventeenth-century furniture shares equal place in her affections with Whistler's etchings, Rembrandt's pictures and Meredith's poetry.

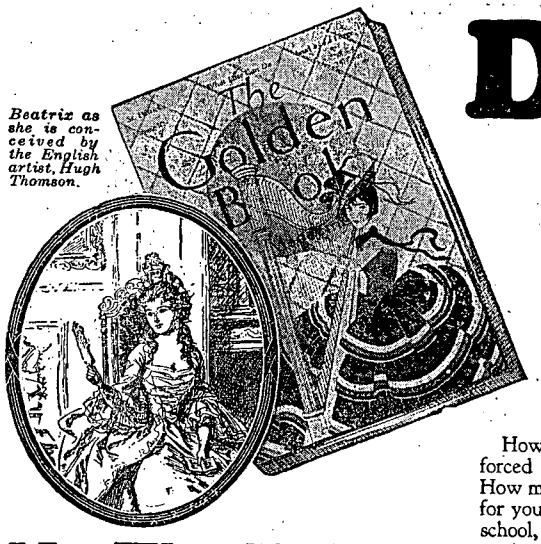
THE HOUNDS OF SPRING

$2.00

An Atlantic Monthly Press Novel Published by Little, Brown & Company, Boston.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
FEDERAL RECORDS DESTROYED

Dangerous Reading



Beatrix as she is conceived by the English artist, Hugh Thomson.

ANATOLE FRANCE was a writer unsurpassed in modern times. He says the beginning of education is being interested. You can't learn when you are bored. Hasn't your own experience taught you that?

How many people hate works of genius today because they were forced down their throats at a time when they found them dull? How many really great books and plays have been eternally spoiled for you because you were bored by them and had to read them at school, or from a sense of duty?

The truth is, whether a story was written last week or a hundred years ago—whether it is by a "classic" author or a widely-heralded best seller—*if it is dull* it is dangerous reading for the man or woman who has discovered what education means.

When you have laughed, wept or thrilled over one short story that is really good; when you have been absorbed in one truly moving book; when you have sensed life a little more keenly because of the winged words of one vivid poem, you have contributed more to your education than a man has received from scores of impressive volumes read from a sense of duty.

That is why

The Golden Book

makes such an appeal to the reader who demands something interesting and at the same time enduring. From the vast storehouse of the world's classics, written perhaps this year, perhaps thousands of years ago, each month it offers you those great stories, poems, plays and adventures that remain great because they are alive today.

As the telephone, the automobile and the radio enable you to live more richly, this new and delightful magazine has been inspired by the modern spirit to give you the pure gold that genius has mined. From all countries and all times it brings you adventures into literature.

The charm of The Golden Book is like the charm of an exquisite bouquet, of a delightful meal—just the right selections relative to you and to each other. It is that indefinable thing—the personality of The Golden Book—that has brought in one year 200,000 devoted readers. It is really edited.

L. Age

How Would You Enjoy *a* Lunch *with* Beatrix Esmond?

Beautiful Beatrix, immortal in fascination, irresistible in mysterious feminine appeal—with a touch of the devil. If she came to your town, would you invite her to lunch, if you had the chance?

Of course you would, and that luncheon would be history in your life, for Beatrix, Thackeray's heroine, is one of the most tantalizing women ever created.

Beatrix is not alone. There are dozens of these exciting women waiting for you.

You feel their presence in the room with you—electric, intoxicating. As if by magic they step out of the pages that hold them, to you. They are as alive as the girl you noticed on the street today. Hundreds of men have fallen in love with them.

You don't seek out the commonplace girl in real life. If women interest and delight you, don't be content with pale, dull heroines who are only imitations of the colorful great ones.

That is the endless pleasure of The Golden Book. There you are always sure of meeting the most wonderful women who ever sent a man's heart pounding. From all countries and all times are the women it would thrill you most to know. Meet them in The Golden Book.

Among the contributors to the April Issue are:

W. Somerset Maugham	James Stephens
Georges Clemenceau	O. Henry
Stewart Edward White	Lafcadio Hearn
Joseph C. Lincoln	Baudelaire
Stacy Aumonier	Lewis Carroll
Robert L. Stevenson	Thomas Hardy

Special Offer for Readers with 20th Century Minds

Everyone who loves books that are interesting will see at once the dazzling possibilities of such a magazine.

In order that you may know yourself how stimulating The Golden Book can be, we have decided—*for a little while only*—to make a special offer to new subscribers. The regular price of The Golden Book is twenty-five cents a copy. We are going to send you two issues at our expense, and this is how. If you act at once we will give you The Golden Book for six months for $1.00 instead of $1.50. But—this is only for prompt action.

Only One Prompt Dollar

Simply fill out the attached coupon and mail it to us today. Do it now, while you are looking at it. This is only a temporary introductory offer to new subscribers. We cannot offer it long. We do not promise ever to make it again. Sooner or later you are going to become enthusiastic about The Golden Book if you enjoy reading fascinating stories. Send the coupon at once and be glad. Do not wait and be sorry.

Introductory Offer
6 Months for $1

THE GOLDEN BOOK MAGAZINE
55 Fifth Ave., New York

Send The Golden Book to the address below at Special Introductory offer, six months. I enclose $1—instead of the usual $1.50.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEXT WEEK

WHY AMERICA PROSPERS

By Bertram Austin and W. Francis Lloyd

Two distinguished British engineers, in a confidential report to their association, present the results of a visit to America made with the express purpose of diagnosing our economic well-being. Their conclusions are of the greatest consequence.

SUZANNE LENGLEN AND HELEN WILLS

By Phyllis H. Satterthwaite

What kind of *people* are the two champions of the Riviera? A writer who knows them both at first hand here analyzes their contrasting personalities.

IN THE SERVICE OF FRANCE *By Camille Vergniol*

The first two volumes of Poincaré's memoirs have just been published in Paris. This article discusses particularly the ex-President's revelations of the background for the Russo-French Alliance, and quotes at length from an account of his visit to Petrograd in 1912.

HOW TO MAKE THE YANKEE HARMLESS

By Ramiro de Maeztu

The author is a distinguished Spanish critic whose liberal principles and cosmopolitan outlook might class him with Unamuno, but who has managed to keep peace with his Government. He gives his Latin-American cousins some considered advice on the subject of their relations with the United States.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 328 — *MARCH 20, 1926* — NO. 4263

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

LORD GREY ON THE LEAGUE COUNCIL CONTROVERSY

LORD GREY has written a letter to the editor of the London *Times* with regard to the proposal to enlarge the Council of the League of Nations. He can hardly be accused of playing politics in the matter, because the Radical *New Statesman* discusses the project under the title of 'The Assassins of the League,' and the old Tory *Saturday Review* calls it an 'intrigue' to which opposition is so general that 'it is difficult to remember another occasion when the press of the whole British Empire has been so united on a matter of foreign policy.' Lord Grey declares that there are three points to be argued against the plan: —

1. It is generally admitted that, when Germany enters the League, she should, in virtue of her rank as a Great Power, have a permanent seat on the Council. But if an application of one or more of the present members of the League to be added to permanent seats on the Council is conceded, great embarrassment will ensue. For every such claim conceded, there will arise several more that cannot justly be rejected. Where is the line to be drawn and where is the increase of the Council to stop? There seems to be real danger that the constitution of the Council of the League might become a source of heartburning and the risk — already appreciated — be increased of its action being paralyzed in some emergency.

2. Was anything said to Germany at Locarno to indicate that when Germany was admitted the present constitution of the Council would have to be altered? If not, it seems that Germany has a right to expect that when she takes her seat it will be on the Council of the League as constituted when the negotiations took place with her at Locarno. If revision of the constitution of the Council is to take place, the question should be raised after Germany has taken her seat on it and when she can be a party to the discussion.

3. I join in the general good-will to Poland, but does anybody suppose that the admission of Poland to a permanent seat on the Council would have been mooted now unless Germany were being admitted? The assumption that it is desired to bring Poland in as a counterpoise to Germany is so general that it will not be removed now by any protestations or special explanations. Thus it will suggest that the old system of grouping that began with the Triple Alliance has found its way into the League of Nations.

It was hoped that Locarno had been a

Copyright 1926, by the Living Age Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

step, and a good long step, toward heading Europe away from this old system of grouping and rivalry. If this moment is chosen to press the claim of Poland to a permanent seat on the Council of the League, it may have the most disastrous consequences; it may undo the work of Locarno, destroy the hopes that were founded upon this, and give a deplorable setback to the expectations, which have lately been so favorably confirmed, of the future of the League itself.

✻

MEXICO AND HER ALIEN CLERGY

OUR own press has informed us abundantly of the incidents attending the Mexican Government's enforcement of one of the many contentious articles in its new Constitution, prohibiting alien clergymen or alien members of religious orders from holding services or teaching in the Republic. President Calles has defended the action of his Government in a notice dispatched in the first instance to the *New York World* but printed simultaneously in the papers of his own capital, in which he asserts he is simply enforcing the law of the land as he took his oath to do when he accepted office, and that the priests, preachers, nuns, and missionaries deported were perfectly well aware that they were violating the laws of the Republic. Presumably he believes it impolitic to let one article of the Constitution remain a dead letter while involved in a controversy with Secretary Kellogg over the enforcement of another article of the same document.

El Universal, a leading paper of Mexico City, deplores the Government's action, arguing that previous presidents, 'who cannot be charged with remissness or lukewarmness in their revolutionary principles, as Don Venustiano Carranza, General Obregón, and General Calles, — up to the present moment, — have prudently allowed it to remain a dead letter.' This journal adds elsewhere: 'If the religious question were mixed up with the political question, we should be the first to protest against those who attempted to drag any church into the service of a political party. If there were a real prospect of benefiting the people by the present measure, of bettering their moral and economic condition, of increasing national prosperity, and of raising our social and educational level, we should direct our policies toward that goal in a practical and worthy manner. But as we can discover nothing but blind prejudice [in what is actually being done], our sentiments agree with those of the community, who always sympathize with those who suffer and are oppressed, with the weak and the persecuted, and condemn any policy of intolerance. . . . Many great questions remain to be settled that demand all the strength, capacity, and unity of the Mexican people. In view of the great problems that face us in carrying out administrative reforms, in dealing with the economic crisis, in improving our school system, our finance, our land laws, in elevating the level of our local governments, in dealing with crime, public health, and emigration, it seems most imprudent to raise gratuitously a new religious question — and in particular to complicate that question by violent measures.'

✻

THE TYPEWRITER INCIDENT

THE Labor *Daily Herald* says that there are approximately 24,700 foreign typewriters in the offices of the British Government. When the King remarked at the British Industries Fair in London last month that it was 'scandalous' that the typewriters in use there were of American make, it was stated in explanation that the Government's machines were pur-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

chased during the war, when it was impossible to procure them elsewhere. Subsequently a small number of British machines had been bought and were being tested 'as to durability and suitability.' But the Rothermere press, which has made 'a stunt' out of the incident as one likely to cater to popular prejudice among its readers, is itself open to the same criticism as the Government, according to the *Herald*, which says: 'The hollowness of the cry, "Buy British Goods," may be judged from the fact that the bulk of the typewriters used at Carmelite House are American, and, what is more, orders were placed some time ago by which the whole of the printing plant to be laid down in the new *Daily Mail* building, now in course of construction, will be supplied by an American firm. This is what the *Daily Mail* said on Friday: "The King yesterday, during his visit to the British Industries Fair, gave a vigorous endorsement to the 'Buy British' campaign, which is making such rapid and satisfactory headway throughout the country." "Throughout the country" evidently does not mean throughout Carmelite House.'

✽

AUCTION BRIDGE AT WASHINGTON

MR. HARTLEY WITHERS, whilom editor of the *Morning Post* and later editor of the London *Economist*, discovers certain enviable advantages in Washington's financial methods. He says in a recent issue of the *Morning Post*: —

Shivering under the shears of the tax-collector, British citizens may well cast an envious eye at what is happening in America. There the fiscal system seems to be arranged in order to relieve the taxpayer by a process of competition among the authorities responsible for the country's finances. It reads like a game of auction bridge. The Finance Minister says that taxation can be reduced by so much; the President puts him up by about twenty-five million dollars, and the bidding is continued briskly by the House of Representatives, the Senate Finance Committee, and the Senate itself. By the time they have finished the relief to the taxpayer has been nearly doubled. In the meantime the official programme of finance has been reduced to chaos, but the taxpayer must be feeling comfortable. Seriously, there is something to be said, in these days of public extravagance, for a system which puts the taxpaying horse before the spending and wasting cart. On this side of the water our rulers decide first what they think they must spend, and then devise ways and means for extracting it out of the public — that is, finally, out of British industry, struggling with enormous difficulties. If the authorities would first compete in tax-reduction, and then tell the spenders that their limit is so much, we might look forward to Budget day with less apprehension.

✽

SWEDEN'S NEW PEACE PACTS

SWEDEN has concluded arbitration treaties with Norway, Denmark, Finland, Czechoslovakia, and Poland. Norway and Denmark have entered into a similar convention, so that in no event while the treaties are in force can war legally be started in Northern Europe. These Scandinavian agreements merely give formal sanction to a situation that has obtained for generations. When Sweden in 1905 consented to the rupture of the union with Norway without recourse to arms, the real decision to abstain from war in Scandinavia was taken. Already, then, a partial arbitration agreement was in force, and it has now been extended to cover all possible disputes.

The Swedish-Polish pact runs for only three years, with automatic extensions. It provides that disputes which cannot be settled through diplomatic channels shall first be referred to conciliation. If this fails, *de jure*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

questions must be submitted to the Hague Court or to a special court set up *ad hoc*. All other questions must be adjudicated in the same way, except those that are of domestic interest only to either party; and the Hague Court shall decide what constitutes 'domestic interest.'

The agreement between Sweden and Czechoslovakia runs for ten-year periods, and is based on the Locarno pacts regarding conciliation and arbitration. The inter-Scandinavian treaties provide that *de jure* disputes must be referred for adjudication to the International Court, and all others must first be submitted to conciliation procedure, defined in special treaties signed last year, and, if that fails, to special courts set up in each case. These agreements run for twenty years, with automatic renewals.

✽

NEW SLANTS ON INTERALLIED INDEBTEDNESS

WHEN we alluded not long ago to the naïve argument popular in Italy before her recent debt settlement with Great Britain, to the effect that her obligation was more than canceled by the unpaid principal and interest on a loan contracted of Florentine bankers by one of the early English kings, we did not expect it to be capped by France. Now, however, M. Klotz, a former Minister of Finance, M. Lamoureux, the general reporter of the budget in the Chamber, and M. Pietri, a prominent member of the Chamber Committee on Finance, have advanced the contention that France does not owe Great Britain anything at all. On the contrary, Great Britain is really in debt to France. This is based upon the following reasoning: The debt was contracted principally for goods, munitions, and supplies purchased in England and the United States. It included sellers' profits. These profits were heavily taxed by the British and American Governments respectively. 'These enormous war-profit taxes the British and American authorities have already collected. By not deducting them from the sums they now claim from us, they are trying to collect them a second time.' This amount, which is estimated at forty-six per cent of the purchase price on these goods demanded from France, would, in the opinion of these gentlemen, entirely cancel her outstanding debts, except for interest, which it would be unjust to charge under such conditions. In other words, a nation's signature to its bond counts for nothing.

The easier terms granted to Italy by Washington and London have undoubtedly aroused much jealousy in France. The *Empire Review* is moved to say in justification of these terms that Italy 'does not possess one sixth of the accumulated resources of France. Nor were vast sums of Allied money spent within her territory during the war. . . . High taxation has not rendered any Government popular in this country [Great Britain] since the war ended. But five or six successive Chancellors of the Exchequer have maintained the high courage and the tradition of British finance that adequate taxation should be imposed here and now so as to meet, in due and generous perspective, that part of the total debt which this generation may fairly be invited to support. The French must learn the same lesson. Until they have learned it, ministries will crash, stability recede, and the franc sag.'

In view of M. Herriot's recent statement that only a quarter of a million people in France confess to having an income of fifteen hundred dollars a year, it is interesting to note that Germany has a quarter of a million

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

taxpayers who report average incomes equivalent to fourteen hundred dollars per annum, fifty-nine thousand taxpayers who report incomes averaging four thousand dollars per annum, and thirty-three thousand taxpayers who report incomes of a higher amount than the latter figure.

❧

DICTATOR RESARTUS

WE quote the following from the last issue of *The Nation and the Athenæum* to reach our desk, merely suggesting to our readers: *Se non è vero, è ben trovato.*

On Saturday, February 6, 1926, Signor Mussolini strode into the Italian Chamber of Deputies in shining armor. A gilt two-headed eagle gleamed above the silver-gilt casque; a great plume waved above that; and beneath the ample folds of the military cloak there was a glimpse of enormous boots and a tin-foil cuirass. Striking an appropriate attitude, the Dictator delivered, very effectively, the lines which go with this costume, and his declamation was received with thunderous applause. Evidently the deputies of the Rump — for the Italian Parliament has been thoroughly dosed with Pride's Purge — did not notice that anything was wrong; and a foreign observer, who did notice the deplorable accident that had occurred, was moved to hold his peace by the rattling of the sword in the Dictator's scabbard. Without venturing to give Signor Mussolini that friendly hint which he would so gladly have given if it could have been done without risk to his own life and limb, this lynx-eyed observer discreetly telegraphed the news abroad. Signor Mussolini's fine suit of clothes was second-hand! Improbable though this story sounds, there is no doubt about the accuracy of our information. If challenged, we could call some dozens of unimpeachable eyewitnesses to attest that, for at least twenty-eight years, these identical articles of apparel had been worn habitually by Wilhelm of Hohenzollern. Very sensibly, the ex-Kaiser sold them in November 1918, when he descended from his throne and retired to spend a comfortable old age in Holland. What dealer had the temerity to pass them off on Signor Mussolini, seven years and a quarter later, as brand-new? We condole with the Dictator in having been the victim of so impudent a deception. We trust that, when the bill is eventually presented, it will not be as heavy as the bills for brand-new regalia are known to be.

❧

SIZING US UP

COUNT SOYEJIMA describes in the January number of *Taiyo*, a Tokyo review, his impressions of a recent trip in America and Europe. He came to our country confessedly prejudiced against us. 'I did not like the Americans, because most of them are in fact most arrogant imperialists, while they constantly have justice and humanity on their lips.' He was so kindly treated in this country, however, that he modified in a degree his preconceived opinion. His maturer judgment is that we are kind-hearted on the one hand and extremely selfish on the other — in fact, very complex characters, as much of a riddle, perhaps, to the Oriental, as the Oriental is to us. 'Intense advocates of humanity and philanthropy, Americans are at the same time extremely unjust and inhumane, as their crafty and underhand foreign policy shows. They are actually conquering China by means of education. They maintain ten universities in China and appear entirely devoted to missionary and educational work, while at the same time they are carrying on malicious propaganda against Japan. The same propaganda is also secretly going on among the Chinese and Korean students in America, with the result that all of the two thousand Chinese students in that country are actuated by anti-Japanese ideas.'

Count Soyejima cannot understand why America should be so suspicious and jealous of Japan when she herself is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the most prosperous country on earth. 'From a moral point of view Japan is the foremost country in the world and the most favored nation on earth, but materially she is not so favored. In this respect she is an unfortunate nation, whereas America is the most affluent of all countries.' He admits that educated Americans are certainly well behaved, 'as I had occasion to observe in the Chautauqua Institute where I gave a lecture, and at Chicago University; but I am open to some doubts as to whether Americans as a whole can be regarded as a morally superior nation.' Americans are philanthropists among their own people, and 'American millionaires are ceaseless laborers for the good of the poor. For instance, the great millionaire Woolworth keeps from ten to thirty cheap stores in each city where articles for daily use are sold at uniform prices of ten and twenty cents. Japanese goods are sold there, and that more cheaply than in Japan.'

But though the ideals, the material endowments, and the moral standards of the two nations are so different, the Count does not think that we shall go to war with each other. 'However strong the tiger may be, it cannot attack the shark; nor can the shark fasten a quarrel on the tiger, whatever the former may conceive against the latter. Neither country could attack the other with any prospect of success; and as a matter of fact realization of this truth will restrain them from armed aggression on each other.'

❦

MINOR NOTES

Le Matin publishes a comparison of the telephone systems of France and the United States which, after a brief excursion into statistics, concludes with the following wail: 'It is no exaggeration to say that the telephone in the United States is a miracle; while in France it is a nuisance and a disgrace. How long will our people tolerate it?'

MR. BALDWIN'S ELECTRICAL SCHEME

ERIPUIT CÆLO FULMEN
— *Star*, London

BRITAIN'S COAL SUBSIDY

PALMIST TO BRITISH TAXPAYER. 'A dark woman will cross your path again.'
— *Daily Express*, London

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A STORMY SESSION[1]

SCENES IN THE HUNGARIAN PARLIAMENT

[We print below an extract from the Parliamentary proceedings in Budapest when the appointment of a legislative committee to investigate the great counterfeiting scandal — in which Nadossy, who is said to be connected by marriage with Horthy, was deeply implicated — was under debate. It indicates that considerable freedom of speech may survive even under a dictator. We may add that a letter from Count Bethlen, which has come to light since this debate, indicates that he had prior knowledge of the conspiracy.]

During the recess the members remained in the Chamber. Lively colloquies occurred among the deputies. One could see representatives of the Right trying to calm down the Socialists and other Opposition members. After the session was resumed it seemed for a moment as if business would proceed more quietly. The Prime Minister, Count Bethlen, again took the floor, and continued: 'I endorse with all my heart the words of the speaker. (*Noisy interruptions by the Socialists. Someone shouts: 'They would n't let* us *speak!*) In doing so I believe it necessary —'

Deputy Estergalyos (Socialist). '— to resign!'

Count Bethlen. 'Upon the reassembling of Parliament, I consider it necessary to inform the Assembly of an incident assuming the proportions of a national disaster that has occurred during the vacation. (*Tremendous uproar*) I cannot as yet report the results of the judicial inquiry, because evidence is still being collected.'

Deputy Feher (Socialist). 'Just the time when they are falsifying the evidence!'

The Speaker calls Feher to order.

Count Bethlen. 'I must first of all raise the question of the Government's responsibility.'

Deputy Rassay. 'Quite right!' (*Calls from the Left: 'Resign! Resign!' Stormy protests from the Right*)

Deputy Feher. 'Nadossy, your Chief of Police, has been jailed as a counterfeiter!'

Count Bethlen. 'I am conscious of the full weight of the Government's responsibility.' (*Shouts from the Socialists: 'How about that of the kitchen cabinet?'*)

Deputy Ruppert. 'The present Ministry cannot conduct the investigation.' (*Tremendous noise from all parts of the House*)

Count Bethlen. 'We cannot let it be said, either at home or abroad, that the Cabinet is covering up things. For that very reason the Cabinet raises the question of responsibility. (*Shouts from the Socialists: 'Bishop Zadravecz [one of the forgery conspirators] will put you under oath. You are playing a* va banque *game.'*) I do not intend that the investigation of this crime shall be undertaken by a Ministry that shirks the question of its responsibility, and of which it might be said either at home or abroad that it is in any way

[1] From *Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna Nationalist-Liberal daily), *January* 20

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

connected with this crime. For that very reason I should have preferred to bring up the question of my Ministry's responsibility in such a form that the National Assembly could act upon it at once. (*Shouts from the Socialists: 'Your policy has brought things to that pass! Trying to buy an Hungarian crown with counterfeit francs!'*) Tomorrow is an interpellation day. The National Assembly will have an opportunity then to learn the standpoint of the Cabinet. The Cabinet believes it to be its duty to speak with the utmost frankness to this body. At a moment when questions are to the fore that touch upon the very existence of the nation, we shall not shirk responsibility. Prominent personalities — (*shouts from the Social Democrats: 'We told you what a scamp Nadossy is over and over. You would n't believe us!'*) — prominent personalities, I say, are implicated in this affair. Furthermore, my Ministry is accused of blundering and remissness in this matter.'

DEPUTY PEYER. 'The men mixed up in it were warned in advance.'

COUNT BETHLEN. 'It is the Government's duty at the present moment —'

DEPUTY HORVATH. '— to resign!' (*The whole Democratic bloc shouts in chorus: 'Resign! Resign! Resign!'*)

COUNT BETHLEN. '— to make it perfectly plain that it will bring all the details of the affair before this House. But that is not possible while the crime is still under judicial inquiry.'

DEPUTY HORVATH. 'Why not?'

DEPUTY PEYER. 'Why is n't the judicial inquiry finished? Apparently the French won't permit it.'

COUNT BETHLEN. 'It is not the function of the Cabinet, but of the courts, to decide that.'

DEPUTY MALASICS (Socialist). 'That's what we saw in the Esongrad bomb outrage. After the court gave its judgment the Government had to resign.'

DEPUTY PEYER. 'The court will order the trial to be held in camera.'

COUNT BETHLEN. 'I can only say that the Government will take vigorous action to see that all the ramifications of the crime are ferreted out. (*Shouts on the Left: 'We don't believe it! The whole thing will be covered up!'*) There is nobody who can keep the Government from dragging this conspiracy into broad daylight and from informing this House of whatever facts are discovered. (*Wild applause from the majority*) I shall come back, not only to the facts, but also to the political background of this scandal. What was the political purpose behind this plot to counterfeit francs? People say that there is a secret government in Hungary that is trying to tie the hands of the Cabinet. Men are spreading rumors that this is what will happen. Now the Ministry wants the mask stripped from all these proceedings. (*Applause on the Right*) If there is a secret government, let it be revealed. If there is no secret government, let those who have made these false accusations stand forth into the light. (*Applause from the Race Protectors*) We must have a general housecleaning. No Party can escape. The hands of the Government are entirely free in this matter. We shall prove to you that the Cabinet will carry through this investigation to the bitter end. I assure the National Assembly and the public of Hungary that the Government has the power to prevent any interference with this investigation, no matter from whom it comes.'

DEPUTY MALASICS. 'You can't fool us that way.'

COUNT BETHLEN. 'I believe the nation as a whole will stand behind me as long as I continue on this course.' (*The members of the Government Party*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rise from their seats and applaud wildly. The members of the Left shout across to the Right: 'Accomplices! Resign! Resign! Franc-counterfeiters!')

DEPUTY RUPPERT. 'Nadossy, too, boasted that he was defending the honor of the nation.'

Excitement increases. The Premier is unable to make himself heard on account of the din. The Race Protectors are conspicuous by their unwonted silence. When one of their number, Szirkay, shouts something, the Socialists yell back in chorus, 'Tombola! Tombola!' alluding to his lottery concession from the Government. As soon as quiet is restored somewhat, the Prime Minister starts to explain how Jankovics, who was arrested in Holland while passing the counterfeit notes, came to receive his passport and his credentials as a diplomatic courier. He begins by saying that this point involves Hungary's foreign relations.

DEPUTY DROZDY. 'If it had n't been for the foreigners, Albrecht would have already been crowned King.'

DEPUTY HORVATH. 'That is just why we must have a republic.'

COUNT BETHLEN. 'Two divisions of the Foreign Ministry have charge of the courier service.'

DEPUTY HORVATH. 'One of them is the franc-counterfeiting division!' (*Laughter and applause from the Left*)

COUNT BETHLEN (*shouting indignantly*). 'That won't do — throwing mud at your own country!'

DEPUTY FARKAS (Socialist). 'The Prime Minister has made his own mud puddle and mired himself in it.' (*Great confusion. The President rings his bell violently to restore order.*)

COUNT BETHLEN. 'The Foreign Minister's personal staff selects the couriers. The Courier Division prepares the credentials. The technical work is done by a subordinate bureau.'

DEPUTY PEYER. 'And it ends by putting all the blame on the porter!'

COUNT BETHLEN. 'There are two kinds of couriers.'

DEPUTY PEYER. 'Franc couriers and *sokol* [counterfeit Czech note] couriers!'

These words provoke a storm of indignation from the Right. Members of the Government Party stand up and shout: 'Shame! Shame!'

DEPUTY PEYER (*shouting and pounding his desk*). 'I am not ashamed to tell the truth. Shame on yourselves!'

DEPUTY BESSENYEY (Government Party). 'Bethlen is laboring day and night for the good of the country.'

COUNT BETHLEN. 'For the sake of economy, the Foreign Ministry sometimes employs private travelers as couriers.'

DEPUTY FEHER. 'They don't work for nothing, but for forty per cent [the commission the franc-counterfeiters are said to have put into their private purses].'

COUNT BETHLEN. 'The charge has been made in the press, and has circulated among the people, that irregularities have occurred in the courier service. I immediately started a searching investigation of these charges, and can inform the House what I have learned. The Courier Division of the Foreign Office seals and dispatches, not only its own communications, but those of other Government departments.'

DEPUTY PICKLER. 'So the bundles of counterfeit franc notes were sealed at the request of "Gentleman" Nadossy!'

COUNT BETHLEN. 'The couriers receive either ordinary passports or so-called courier credentials. Hitherto, in order to save expense, our representatives abroad have not been notified that couriers were coming. From now on they will be notified by telegraph. In the Jankovics case that man

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

presented himself to Nadossy on December 2 and asked for a courier's credentials. As Jankovics was a former colonel of the General Staff, and as his request was endorsed by a high official, his credentials were given him without hesitation, as a matter of official routine.'

DEPUTY PICKLER. 'Nadossy knew that the counterfeit bank notes were in this man's luggage.'

COUNT BETHLEN. 'On December 7, therefore, Jankovics was issued a courier's passport by the Passport Bureau, as his papers were found to be in order. Some things in his sealed parcels were addressed to our Amsterdam Legation, and some to our Stockholm Legation, since Jankovics informed us that he planned to visit both Holland and Sweden. The packages were sealed in the routine way. (*Query from the floor: 'Why did n't they see what was in the packages?'*) Because it was not the duty of that Bureau to do so. Even if the head of that Bureau had noticed that the packages contained these counterfeit francs, he would have had no reason to interfere. The Hungarian authorities often make money remittances to foreign countries by courier.'

DEPUTY PEYER. 'That is ordinarily done by drafts.'

COUNT BETHLEN. 'It has also been charged that things have been covered up, that efforts have been made to whitewash the criminals, that the Government's statements have not been full and frank.'

DEPUTY NAGY. 'That would not be so bad, but the Government's statements have been lies.' (*Tremendous uproar*)

COUNT BETHLEN (*with great excitement*). 'I demand that the member prove that libel.'

DEPUTY NAGY (*rising from his seat*). 'Let the Government's statements be read!'

DEPUTY EHN (Government Party). 'How much has Beneš paid you for this comedy?'

At this the members of the Left, beside themselves with rage, raisea furious uproar.

DEPUTY PEYER (*jumping up and trembling with anger*). 'You will be held accountable for that remark!'

The din that ensues lasts several minutes before the Speaker can make himself understood sufficiently to call Deputy Ehn to order.

COUNT BETHLEN. 'The question of our relations with the French police is very important from the standpoint of national sovereignty. In 1914, after the Serajevo assassination, we asked that our own police be permitted to collaborate with those of Serbia, and were refused. The present Cabinet welcomes all the assistance any foreign police can give us, so far as this is provided for by international agreements and by the Hungarian law. Such coöperation is quite possible without prejudice to our nation's sovereignty when crimes are being investigated by our own prosecuting attorneys. We intend fully to protect the interests of the injured party, namely the Bank of France, and as a special favor we have consented to accept foreign assistance in this case, but only in clearing up the facts. Foreign police agents will take part in the inquiry only in so far as it involves a crime committed against the subjects of their own country, so that they may know how many counterfeit notes of their bank were manufactured and put into circulation, and with what machinery and other instrumentalities the counterfeiting was done. We cannot permit anything beyond that without making concessions incompatible with our national sovereignty. (*Applause*) Although the Hungarian Government at once requested a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

transcript of all the evidence in the possession of the Netherlands and the French authorities, it has not yet received that evidence. Your Premier ventures to express his surprise and regret that, in violation of the usual rules of international courtesy, the foreign press has been able to print reports of the investigation at The Hague, and that *Matin* has been able to publish Jankovics's diary, although the Hungarian Government has received no information regarding them. Coming to the political background of the crime, which must be probed to the very bottom, we find men of the most varied associations and antecedents connected with the affair—rich men like Windische-Grätz, occupying the most brilliant position in society, and poverty-stricken, ruined refugees; Nadossy, occupying one of the highest offices in the country, and a Social Democrat workingman.'

At the last words the Social Democrat members jump up and pound their fists upon their desks. The din becomes deafening. The Democrats applaud sarcastically. Members shout: 'Shame! Shame! You are making a farce of the thing!'

DEPUTY ESTERGALYOS. 'Of course it will turn out in the end that the Social Democrats and the Jews were responsible for the whole forgery!'

DEPUTY HORVATH. 'The army officers should of course be freed at once, because they were only obeying orders!'

COUNT BETHLEN. 'Who obeyed orders? I demand that you report to the prosecuting attorney at once the names of the parties who gave those orders.'

DEPUTY HORVATH. 'We'll tell that to the Parliamentary Commission.'

COUNT BETHLEN. 'You would stab men in the back with your reckless denunciations. You'll be called to book for that.'

DEPUTY PEYER. 'Then name your Social Democrat!'

COUNT BETHLEN. 'I spoke of a Social Democrat workingman involved in the affair, who is to-day an enrolled member of the Social Democrat Party. (*Shouts from the Social Democrats: 'You are misinformed.'*) If you repudiate Spanring [a pressman who had retained Deputy Györki, a Social Democrat, to defend him], I cannot help that. A Social Democrat deputy has undertaken to defend him. Some of the men connected with this crime wanted to make money out of it; others had no material advantage in view.'

DEPUTY REINPRECHT. 'So much the worse. We do not need that kind of patriotism.'

DEPUTY FABIAN. 'They got their forty-per-cent commission all right.'

COUNT BETHLEN. 'There is no reason to suspect, so far as the evidence now shows, that anybody planned an insurrection. It has also been asserted that patriotic motives inspired this crime. Such patriotic motives won't count for a straw with us. (*Count Bethlen raises his voice to its highest pitch as he makes this declaration.*) We condemn every aspect of this crime. I can understand how a man can claim to be a patriot because he lays his watch-chain on the altar of his country out of love for her, but I declare it is no patriotism to lay upon that altar somebody else's watch-chain. (*Applause from all parts of the House*) I denounce the articles that have appeared in certain newspapers to exculpate the counterfeiters on the ground that they acted from patriotic motives.'

DEPUTY MALASICS (Social Democrat). 'You repudiate your own henchmen!' (*Great indignation on the Right and Centre of the House. The President calls Deputy Malasics to order.*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COUNT BETHLEN. 'Unless we are ready to corrupt the morals of the nation, we must get rid of that pernicious brand of patriots. If anybody has patriotic reasons to regret what has happened, it is the present Cabinet, which has labored tirelessly for four years to restore our national prestige abroad.'

After a short pause the Prime Minister read extracts of false reports published in the foreign press — among others, those stating that Horthy and Count Bethlen had fallen out, that it was planned to place Archduke Albrecht on the throne, that ex-Kaiser Wilhelm, the Bavarian Fascisti, and the Rumanian Fascist leader, Professor Cusa, were involved in the affair. (*Roars of laughter from all parts of the House*) A dispatch in *Matin* stated that Horthy was implicated. (*Great indignation on the Right and among the Race Protectors*)

DEPUTY FARKAS (Social Democrat). 'That's true!' (*Tremendous confusion. The speaker demands that Deputy Farkas state clearly to whom he refers.*)

DEPUTY FARKAS: 'The whole Governmental system!' (*Shouts from the Right: 'Liar!' 'Blatant coward!'*)

Premier Bethlen reads other dispatches announcing the alleged arrest of Bartha, the Chief of Cabinet, of Secretary Pronay, of Deputies Eckhart, Ulain, and others. The Social Democrats interrupt by shouting: 'This is a farce.'

COUNT BETHLEN. 'It is not a farce. We are dealing with the honor of the nation. (*Shouts from the Right: 'Why are n't such newspapers suppressed?'*) Suppression is no remedy. The only remedy is for gentlemen having any connection with these newspapers to use their influence to prevent such libels. As long as the gentlemen fail to do so, they themselves lie under suspicion. (*Stormy protests from the extreme Left*) You are trying to evade the issue.'

DEPUTY PEIDL (Social Democrat). 'Shameless slanderer!'

This remark provokes a storm of indignation from the Right and Centre. Some of the members from the Right rush forward to attack Deputy Peidl. The Premier personally throws himself between the Parties. At another point in the House, Vass, the herculean Food Minister, interposes his huge bulk in front of a second group of charging deputies. The Vice-President of the Chamber, Zlitvray, rushes to the assistance of these gentlemen. Shouts of 'Unprincipled scoundrel!' 'Kick him out!' and the like are heard on every side. The riot lasts several minutes. The delegates in the Centre make especially violent efforts to get at Peidl, in order to punish him for his insult to the Premier. The Premier himself pushes back the delegates and tries to calm them. For a time it looks as if all these efforts will be in vain. The Social Democrats rise in their seats and await the charge of the Right. After calm has been somewhat restored, the Speaker asks Deputy Peidl whom he meant by his remark.

DEPUTY PEIDL. 'The Prime Minister.'

The storm now breaks forth more violently than ever. It takes all the physical efforts of a number of the calmer members of the Government Party to keep their furious fellow deputies from attacking the Socialists. The speaker calls Peidl to order, and the House, on the motion of Count Apponyi, refers his case to the Immunity Committee.

COUNT BETHLEN. 'Some newspapers are even trying to implicate Hungarians living in the lost territories. Our bitter political hatreds are largely responsible for these silly reports.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They originate partly among our international "friends," who are watching Hungary's recovery with jealous eyes. They are encouraged partly by our political émigrés, who thus seek to get back into public favor by perverse propaganda.

'If there was a conspiracy to counterfeit francs, there is also, I assert, a second conspiracy to besmirch the honor of the nation. (*Long-continued applause*) It is the duty of the Cabinet to punish this crime, and at the same time to protect the nation from the other conspiracy against its good name. The franc forgeries strike at the pockets of foreign citizens; the political slander strikes at the honor of our nation. When we admit that foreign citizens must be protected in their material rights, we must likewise insist that our own country must be protected in her national rights. (*Long-continued applause*) The policy of the present Cabinet is not counter-revolutionary, it is conservative — to conserve the interests of the nation. Miscarriages of justice have happened in the past, but they were not due to lack of honorable intentions on the part of the Ministry; they were the result of the hatreds and the fear of revolution that have become deep-seated among the masses of our people. We are trying to banish that psychology. But it is impossible under existing conditions entirely to prevent such counter-revolutionary phenomena. The mother of counter-revolution is revolution, and we cannot extirpate one until we extirpate the other. Remove the threat of revolution, and you will simultaneously remove the threat of counter-revolution.

'Another reason why the Cabinet has not always succeeded in governing as well as it desired is the popular hatred of the Trianon Treaty. There is not only a system of domestic law, but also a system of international law. I admit that the international code, although it has statutory effect, is not founded upon moral justice. Nevertheless, we are bound to obey it. Is it surprising that a country forced under duress to sign the Trianon Treaty should have many citizens so rebelliously disposed toward that Treaty that they will do all in their power to wreck it?

'But the only result of such conspiracies is to pillory our country abroad as a hotbed of disorder and violence. Only one course lies before us — to recognize existing international settlements, even though we believe them unjust, and to labor patiently to remove their injustice by winning respect and prestige for our country.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SNAPSHOTS OF THE CHINESE WHIRLPOOL

['THERE can be no questioning the obvious fact that Japan and Russia are again making active preparations for a renewal of the struggle for supremacy in North China, which was given a temporary truce by the Peace of Portsmouth in 1905. The fighting that has taken place between rival Chinese militarists in the North in the recent weeks and months has been nothing more or less than war by proxy between Japan and Russia. Japan has been backing Chang Tso-lin, and Russia has been backing the Christian militarist, Feng Yu-hsiang. Neither side has as yet come out into the open, if we except the intervention of Japan a few weeks ago to prevent the defeat of Chang Tso-lin by Kuo Sung-lin, the partner of the Christian General. To date the situation from the standpoint of the two generals is about even. Chang, with Japanese help, defeated Kuo, the partner of Feng. Then Feng, with Russian assistance, defeated Li Ching-lin, the partner of Chang.' —*China Weekly Herald*, January 30]

I. EPISTOLARY PAMPHLETEERS[1]

[CHINESE generals still follow the ancient precedent of bombarding their enemies verbally before they resort to arms. We print below three examples of these Thucydidean word-passages.]

Letter of Kuo Sung-lin, the mutinous commanding general, to Marshal Chang Tso-lin, announcing his defection from that commander.

You must have read my first telegram. It has informed you concerning the irrational conduct of the militarists and the fearful suffering of the people. I have tried in every way to preserve peace. All my friends know this. The bitter fighting and protracted disasters in the country are attributed to Yang Hu-ting [Chang Tso-lin's Chief of Staff], who seeks first power and after that vengence on his enemies. That has already brought much suffering on you and on the people of the three Eastern provinces [controlled by Chang Tso-lin]. I have been in military service half my life. I have never feared the enemy. But when I see that evil-doer at your side, I feel a sense of outrage. If I advance farther, I shall be condemned for my rashness; if I do not advance, I shall be stigmatized as a coward. As I am not willing to incur such reprimands, and as I wish to obey my superiors, I beg you to nominate your son, the young General Chang Hsu-liang, your successor. I believe that he, with his modern knowledge and military training, is far better fitted than Yang to rule the three provinces and to defend your family interests. It should not be forgotten that a frontier district cannot be treated as private property, and that a city will not endure misgovernment forever. When one man rises, another

[1] From *Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin Liberal daily), *February* 4

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

must step down. Men cannot be degraded and insulted at one's caprice. A government cannot be run as any man's private property. Furthermore, how can you bear to owe your power and wealth to foreign loans and oppressive taxes? When ruin knocks at the door, it will be too late to repair your errors. So we demand that you reverse your course at once, and so order things that the campaign can proceed. That is my frank advice, and I believe that you should heed it.

KUO SING-LIN

Open letter of the Christian General, Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang, to his political opponent, Marshal Chang Tso-lin.

After we had shaken hands, the world believed that we two would live and die shoulder to shoulder for the welfare of our country. Unfortunately you, in your ignoble craving for power, have been sadly misled. No blessings can come to the country from the men who are associated with you and who for years have been your close companions. A general cannot be ordered about by another general. Young men [Yang] who can talk prettily, but who take to their heels as soon as they see the enemy, have been given exalted posts instead of being punished as they deserve. What madness it is for you to act thus! So far as I personally am concerned, I cannot work with a man who does injury to his country and its people. For that reason I have resolved never to place myself in a position where I shall be forced to fight an aggressive war. My desire to coöperate with you was not in order to seize power or to get rid of men who did not agree with us. I shall never renounce the old traditions of our country merely to curry favor with a new clique. I shall not let myself be made a tool. My whole conduct is animated by readiness to sacrifice my life and all I own for the welfare of the nation. For this reason I appeal to you once again to reconsider your programme with the true interest of China uppermost in your heart; for Peking, which you are trying to capture, is where our relations with foreign countries focus.

Thy brother,
FENG YU-HSIANG

Marshal Li Ching-lin, whom Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang drove out of Tientsin, to whom it may concern.

Our dear old China has had the misfortune to produce a traitor like Feng Yu-hsiang, who, to state it plainly, has the heart of a devil and the manners of a beast. He has reached his present high position by an accident. His treasons are innumerable. I shall enumerate here only a few of his crimes.

Feng the traitor is a man of the most unscrupulous character. He killed his wife for no reason at all, and he murdered his maternal uncle, Lu Chien-chang, and his close relative Yen, with no better reason. Old General Kuo and General Pao were killed by him after the first had offered to surrender and after the second had become his rival following the overthrow of Kai-feng. The death of Generals Tsao and Li, for whom Feng hypocritically professed friendship in order to carry out his designs, occurred under similar circumstances.

Feng is always disloyal toward his superiors. General Chen was robbed by him when they were both in Szechwan. Only last year he sold his master, ex-President Tsao Kun, for $1,400,000. Last month he began to intrigue against a man whom he had constantly asserted he would support. He permitted a mob to besiege the Palace of the Regent.

His conduct toward the dethroned

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ching dynasty is too despicable for description. He pretended to overthrow despotism in China, but he ordered the expulsion of the ex-Emperor merely to get an opportunity to rob the Palace of its treasures. As a result, everything of value in the Forbidden City has vanished.

These are crimes for which Feng should have been thrown into prison long ago; but there are other equally reprehensible acts to be charged against him — his making fools of his soldiers by compelling them to adopt the Christian religion; his mad scheme to employ students to foment violent disturbances for him in Shansi, Shensi, Chihli, and Shantung; and the Bolshevist sympathies that he showed during the last riots in Peking. These and many other actions of this man are designed to corrupt and destroy China's political morals, her civilization, and her very life.

In view of the critical dangers that threaten the country, I hereby solemnly vow to exterminate Feng, the national traitor — not for any partisan reason, but for the welfare of humanity. I have no personal feud with Feng except as he is an enemy of mankind. I appeal to all who agree with me to join me in crushing this traitor. In conclusion, let me say that any man who favors Bolshevism is my enemy, whom I shall fight with all means in my power. Assistance, advice, or information that will help me to accomplish this will be gratefully welcomed.

LI CHING-LIN

II. HOW FENG TOOK TIENTSIN [1]

BY DR. M. VON BLANKENSTEIN

WHEN, after considerable delay on account of bad weather, we reached the entrance of the Pei River, we discovered a great fleet of merchant ships from all parts of the world assembled there. The armies of the Christian General, Feng Yu-hsiang, and of Li Ching-lin, the Governor of Tientsin, were fighting farther up the stream. They did not seem to have done each other much damage as yet, but they fired on any vessels passing up the river. So the whole fleet lay here at anchor.

We did not have to wait long, however, for almost as soon as we arrived three Japanese torpedo-boats appeared. They were bringing troops to reënforce their concession guards at Tientsin, and were to escort the Japanese merchantmen up the river to that city. As they passed us we saw that they were ready for business. Their bridges and decks were protected by rows of sand bags, and their guns were uncovered ready for action. Our steamer and two others flying the Japanese flag fell in immediately behind them.

We proceeded undisturbed, meeting other Japanese naval vessels patrolling the Pei. Tang-ku, where the situation was said to be particularly critical, had been captured by Feng's troops, which made no effort to stop us. Farther up the river we passed the forces of both parties. Now and then a few soldiers would fire a volley, to which the Japanese paid no attention. As we drew nearer the city things became livelier. A continuous roar of artillery

[1] From *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* (Swiss Liberal-Republican daily), *January* 24

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

indicated heavy fighting close to the suburbs. The Japanese were obviously nervous. They hastily landed their soldiers whom they had brought from Port Arthur. On shore everything was in the utmost confusion. Men were shouting and troops were marching hither and thither in the most aimless manner.

We quickly learned what the situation was. General Li's army had been badly whipped, and was pouring back into the city. This threatened to be decidedly unpleasant for the Chinese town, which was likely to be plundered twice, first by its beaten defenders and next by the victorious invaders. That is the custom in China. Generals do not fight to protect cities but to seize them in order to plunder them. The fighting in China is not civil war, but a struggle between robber generals for booty, in which towns, provinces, and the whole country are the pawns. Some Chinese armies do indeed call themselves national troops, but they are really mere mercenaries, induced to serve by force or by promises of high pay and loot. Their pay is very irregular, and the loot must be correspondingly generous to make up the deficit.

Foreigners in Tientsin feared that Li's defeated troops would not only sack the Chinese city, but that they would also overrun the foreign concessions. The latter enjoy the right of extra-territoriality and are protected by their own garrisons or local guards. In view of this danger, all communication between the Chinese city and the European quarter was cut off by barricades of sandbags and barbed wire. The Japanese concession, which was the most exposed, was prepared for a siege and heavily garrisoned with regular troops. The other concessions were defended by local militia.

I found the Europeans almost as excited as the Japanese. Nevertheless, English, American, and German ladies were doing their Christmas shopping as if nothing unusual were astir — for it was December 24. Those residing in the former concessions of Russia and Austria, which have lost their extra-territoriality rights since the war, were in real danger of being overrun by the Chinese, but the former German concession, which lies between the British and the Japanese concessions, was sufficiently protected by its position.

Things turned out better than we anticipated. Li Ching-lin's retreating troops had no time to do much harm. They were in such a panic that the Chinese police easily kept them under control. Moreover, Feng's troops, who arrived immediately on their heels, maintained strict discipline. Soldiers with great executioner's swords were stationed all over the city to behead on the spot anyone detected plundering. On Christmas Eve the newspapers printed casually that only in a few exceptional cases had it been necessary to behead a pillager on a street-corner.

Feng's army certainly made good its reputation for strict discipline. Not a word of criticism could be applied to its conduct toward the civilian population. This was something hitherto unheard of in China's civil conflicts, as was likewise the fact that the troops that surrendered were treated humanely and paroled.

I watched Feng's forces march into the city. It was just like seeing a European army take possession of a town, except that these troops did not bring their artillery with them, and that almost every soldier carried a gray umbrella. Another unique feature was the long trains of pack camels. These awkward, rusty-brown beasts, looking remarkably like llamas, were as novel a sight for the Tientsin public as for ourselves.

Although the defeated troops had

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

done very little plundering, I saw many ridiculous scenes on the streets. In their panic the fleeing soldiers threw away their caps and stripped off their uniforms to escape identification as members of Li's army. But that did not solve the problem for them. A Chinese soldier without a cap or uniform by no means looks like a civilian, with his long cotton gown. So the soldiers held up any Chinaman they met and stripped him of his outer garments. It was certainly a grotesque sight — hundreds of frightened Chinamen running through the streets in all directions half clothed and wrangling over such garments as they had, right in the midst of winter. The episode did not last very long, however — partly because the police stopped it, and partly because every civilian vanished promptly from public sight.

Notwithstanding this ridiculous prelude, the native population was not in a mood to see much humor in the situation. Although it had suffered exceedingly from General Li's extortion, it did not want a change of government. For every new general who gets possession of a city in China manages to amass a private fortune of several million Mexican dollars in a very brief period. His methods are simplicity itself. Shortly before evacuating Tientsin, for example, Li demanded $1,600,000 from a wealthy Chinese family. The victim had no choice but to pay it. So the people naturally count on similar exactions from the victors. Every tuchun levies taxes and exacts forced loans that are rarely repaid. Moreover, he frequently issues paper money that loses its value the minute he is deposed.

III. A PEACEMAKER'S DEFEAT [1]

BY MORITA FUKUMATSU, M.D.

[THE author is a well-known Japanese physician practising in Mukden.]

WHEN I was at my hospital in Mukden on the morning of November 20, I received a telephone message from General Kuo, who was then at Tientsin at the head of eighty thousand picked Mukden troops sent by Marshal Chang to attack Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang, asking me to come quickly to see him, as he was suffering from gastro-enteritis. My frequent visits to Marshal Chang had made me acquainted with General Kuo, and I had had occasion to examine him two or three times before. I was about to start for Tientsin by the 10.15 A.M. train on the following day, when I got another telephone message from him, this time from Luichwang, saying that he had moved there from Tientsin, and asking me to come quickly, fully provided with medicines, as no drugs were to be had in the out-of-the-way village where he was.

I did as I was asked, and reached his headquarters on the twenty-second, where I found him in one of the two first-class carriages connected to a military train of a dozen cars, nursed by Mrs. Kuo and other attendants. He looked pale and considerably emaciated. Tapeworm was the cause of his complaint. This greatly weakened him;

[1] From *Chugai Shogyo*, translated in *Japan Weekly Chronicle* (Kobe Anglo-Japanese weekly), *January* 21

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and, to make matters worse, he was suffering from insomnia.

Finding him in this state of health, I administered an injection and other medicine at once. I was staying on the train, receiving every mark of hospitality from Mrs. Kuo, when I noticed that many officers, from regimental commanders upward, came on horseback and entered the train. Discovering some familiar faces among these officers, I asked them what was afoot, and was told that they had come together in obedience to orders to meet at Lwanchow. The train soon began to move, and more officers came on board at the next station, and still more at other stations. Thus the cars were filled with high military officers.

At Lwanchow it was announced that a meeting would be held at the normal school outside the northern gate of the town, but as a matter of fact it was held secretly at a match factory near the railway station. When General Kuo started for the place of meeting he was still so weak, though somewhat recovered, that I proposed to go with him, but my proposal was emphatically declined. After he left for the meeting, having nothing to do I went to the quarters of the Japanese garrison in the locality to have a chat with the officers there. In the course of my conversation with Lieutenant Sakaguchi, he told me that there was a persistent rumor that General Kuo Sung-lin was going to rise in open revolt. I waved the rumor aside as absurd, for I knew well that very close relations existed between Marshal Chang and General Kuo — so close, indeed, that the two might have been father and son.

The meeting lasted until very late. It was about 11 P.M. when General Kuo returned to the train. He was much exhausted, but appeared greatly excited. There was something about his manner that excited my suspicion, and I asked him about the object of the meeting. To my inquiry he briefly replied that it was simply about the transfer of troops. He tried to smile, but his agitated countenance and a gleam in his eye belied his cheerfulness. It was found later on that at that memorable meeting General Chiang objected so strongly to the revolt that he cast reproaches in the teeth of General Kuo, whereupon the latter had Chiang shot.

At about noon on the following day I came across a surprising fact. I found a pile of printed papers on the desk of General Kuo's private secretary. As nobody was about, I had a peep at them, and found that the document was the first declaration of revolt, in which General Kuo declared his intention to return to Mukden at the head of his troops to supplant Marshal Chang in accord with the popular wishes and the request of his followers. Realizing the very serious implications of the document, I secreted a copy of it in my pocket, and left the train on the pretext that I was going to take a bath. I immediately visited the quarters of the local Japanese garrison, and, telling the commander about what I had seen, asked him to communicate the fact to the Japanese Consul-General at Mukden and to General Shirakawa, Commander of the Japanese Garrison in Kwangtung, without delay. On the following day, November 24, I asked leave of General Kuo, when I was told that the train service to Mukden was interrupted.

I then made up my mind to dissuade General Kuo from revolting, but the General, of course, turned a deaf ear to my advice. I argued with him, but he finally resorted to transparent sophistry in an attempt to defend his cause, saying that Chang Hsueh-liang was in supreme command of the troops and he himself was only second in command, and that therefore his deed could

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not be interpreted as a revolt. All my efforts to bring him back to a proper course failed, and as I realized that further argument with him would be futile, and would only do harm to his weakened health, I desisted, resolved to take another opportunity to repeat the advice.

On the afternoon of the twenty-fifth I was rung up from Chinwangtao by Major Giga, an adviser to Marshal Chang Tso-lin, who asked me to arrange for an interview between General Chang Hsueh-liang, who was then at Chinwangtao on board a warship, and General Kuo Sung-lin. On my mentioning the desire of General Chang to him, General Kuo refused to see him.

Soon afterward I got another message, asking me to arrange for an interview between General Kuo and Lieutenant-Colonel Ura, a staff officer of the Kwangtung Garrison. This overture was rejected too on the ground that Kuo's cause would be seriously prejudiced if a sharp-eyed Japanese officer were admitted into his camp and secretly communicated the results of his observations to Mukden. Hereupon I pointed out that it would be necessary to reach an understanding with the Japanese army so that the military operations of his troops might be facilitated, and suggested that an interview with Lieutenant-Colonel Ura would be to his advantage. In this way I finally prevailed upon him to consent.

Lieutenant-Colonel Ura, accompanied by Captain Araki and Major Giga and a detail of Japanese soldiers, arrived on the twenty-sixth by a special train. After formal greetings had been exchanged, General Kuo gruffly demanded what was the object of their visit. Lieutenant-Colonel Ura cast a glance at the officers who were sitting about the carriage, and asked for a private talk. The place of interview was accordingly shifted to another compartment.

This interview lasted four hours and a half, and when the gentlemen emerged from the room at dusk their countenances wore visible signs of anxiety. At the interview the Japanese staff officer did his best to induce Kuo to reconsider his action, recalling the heavy debt of gratitude he owed to Marshal Chang Tso-lin and the close intimacy between himself and General Chang, the son of the Manchurian war-lord. His advice, however, fell upon deaf ears. The interview wound up with a request from the Japanese officer that in the event of actual warfare General Kuo should observe carefully any warnings that might be issued by the Japanese troops.

That evening I took leave of General Kuo and accompanied Lieutenant-Colonel Ura and his party to Chinwangtao, where I went on board the Chinese warship Chinhai. At other times I should have done ample justice to the Japanese dishes served that night, but I was so disturbed in my mind that I had hardly any appetite. I was constantly thinking of making another attempt at dissuasion, and as I was encouraged in my resolve by others I decided to return to General Kuo's headquarters again. With a variety of presents for General and Mrs. Kuo, therefore, I left Chinwangtao again on November 27.

When I was about to start, General Chang Hsueh-liang handed me a letter for General Kuo, which he wrote hastily with pencil. In his note General Chang first inquired after General Kuo's health, and then wrote pathetically of his loneliness at being suddenly deprived of his good friend. He ended his letter by asking General Kuo to give his best regards to Mrs. Kuo. General Kuo was greatly moved when he read this letter, and closed his eyes to con-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ceal his tears. I took this opportunity to expatiate on the impropriety of his treasonable act. At first he made some feeble attempts to refute my arguments, but as I continued with greater vigor he hung his head lower and lower and listened more attentively to what I said.

On the following morning, November 28, General Kuo told me that as his move was the result of mature consideration he could not give it up now. He was in weak health, however, and would not live long. If Marshal Chang Tso-lin would relinquish his office quietly, and his son, General Chang Hsueh-liang, would go to Japan for study for a few years, he would resign in favor of General Chang when the latter came back from Japan.

I was glad that my efforts had not been entirely in vain, and hoped that, as the sentiments of General Kuo had been so far softened, mediation was not altogether impossible. I therefore consented to convey his suggestion to Marshal Chang Tso-lin, and asked him to suspend all military operations in the meantime. To this proposal the General replied that he would suspend military operations for four days. The time limit was set for midnight on December 1.

Upon reaching Mukden on December 5 I communicated General Kuo's message to Marshal Chang. General Kuo's plan of compromise impressed the Marshal deeply, and it appeared at one time that he would accept it. Indeed, a rumor got abroad that he had actually done so. When, however, it became known that his situation was not so hopeless as it had appeared to be at first, Marshal Chang's attitude hardened, and he refused to accept General Kuo's proposal, which he denounced as little short of unconditional surrender on his part.

I knew General Kuo very well, and could not make myself believe that it was solely for the satisfaction of his selfish ambition that he had raised the banner of revolt. It was, therefore, my desire that some good plan should be hit upon by which not only the face of Marshal Chang Tso-lin could be saved, but the wishes of General Kuo Sung-lin could be realized. With the object of seeing General Kuo for a third time, I left for Dairen at once, and got there on the afternoon of December 9. As I heard that a boat was leaving Port Arthur for Chinwangtao on the morning of December 10, I motored to Port Arthur in a great hurry.

At Chinwangtao I learned that General Kuo had already advanced as far as Chinchow, and consequently I entrained for that place, in company with an interpreter and a policeman. A dirty third-class car was put at our service, and there being no heating apparatus it was very cold inside. We hardly tasted food during the eighteen hours that we spent in the train. When I reached General Kuo, he appeared to be sure of the success of his cause. He had almost recovered from his sickness and was in high spirits. His answer was very disappointing, and I had no alternative but to retire with my mission unfulfilled.

Relations between General Kuo and myself were only those between doctor and patient. If they were more intimate than those generally found between doctor and patient, it was because Mrs. Kuo, a wise lady who was with General Kuo as a staff officer for her husband, treated me so kindly that I stood on very friendly terms with his family. I sympathized with the motive that prompted General Kuo to rise in open revolt against Marshal Chang. Nevertheless, General Kuo's régime, if it had come, would have been short-lived. He stood to gain little in the end, even if the fortune of war had smiled

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

upon him. General Kuo was naturally a man of cool judgment and discernment, and it passes my comprehension why he ever thought of rebelling against Marshal Chang. All is now like a dream. General Kuo, who at one time seemed to carry everything before him and who was confident of final victory, was defeated at the last moment, and met with a tragic end on December 24 at Liaochung, his beloved wife sharing his fate. Many Japanese take delight in comparing his end to that of Akechi Mitsuhide, who rose against his master, Oda Nobunaga, and who soon afterward fell a victim to the bamboo spear of a nameless farmer; but I, who have many endearing recollections of him, grieve that such a fate befell him, and quietly pray for the happiness of the General and his wife in the other world.

SONG

BY E. N. daC. ANDRADE

[*Saturday Review*]

You ask what's soft, yet strong?
I show you silk.
What's straight, yet sways with grace?
The lily stalk.
What burn without embrace
Of fire, a glowing throng?
Flowers in the sun.
What's cold, but full of flame,
Gay, though through tears it came?
The day begun.
What dances stilly, sleeps and yet's awake?
The moonlight on the ripples of the lake.
But seek you all together
Strength, softness, sober sweetness,
Warmth, chastity, completeness
Of marvels in one tether,
Calm liveliness, confection
Of lovely contradiction,
Seek you this pretty paradox to prove:
I show my love.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOW THE SOVIET GOVERNMENT MOVED TO MOSCOW[1]

BY V. D. BONCH-BRUEVICH

[THE following is a fragment of the author's memoirs. He was, during the first months of the Soviet Government, head of the Extraordinary Commission, popularly called the Cheka.]

WHEN the Germans were marching on Petrograd and we Bolsheviki organized our Supreme Military Council for Defense, the first question that arose was: where should we have our capital? Evidently Petrograd was too exposed a city in such tempestuous times. Information flowed into Room 75 of the Smolny Institute, where the Extraordinary Commission, of which I was chairman, had its office, showing that the city was infested by myriads of spies, international adventurers, and White Guardists, who made our sojourn there most dangerous. A conspiracy of Social-Revolutionary army officers, which culminated in the attempt on the life of Vladimir Ilich (Lenin) on New Year's Day 1918, and the arrest of leaders of the 'Death Battalion' armed with bombs, convinced me that the Smolny period of the Soviet Government's history was about over; that it was high time to remove to Moscow, where we could keep in closer contact with the country.

Early in February Vladimir Ilich assented to the initial preparations for the transfer. But our plans were kept secret for the time being. My brother Michel, who was then Military Adviser to the Supreme War Council, reported to Lenin every other day on the situation of the defense and the progress made in organizing the Red Army. He too urged that we could not stay at Petrograd, for the German fleet had appeared in the Baltic, the Germans had landed forces in Finland, and the counter-revolutionary movement in the latter country was gaining strength. Lenin finally directed my brother to put his opinion in writing and hand it to him.

My brother immediately did so. Vladimir Ilich approved the recommendation, and this was the first written order for the transfer. The same day Vladimir Ilich confidentially informed the People's Commissars at a secret meeting what it was proposed to do. He presented the reasons for the transfer so cogently that everyone agreed with his opinion; and I was ordered to take charge of the arrangements. As soon as the meeting was over I explained my plans in detail to Lenin and informed him for the first time that I had information to the effect that the Social-Revolutionaries planned to blow up our trains between Petrograd and Moscow, but that they would not interfere with the train in which members of the Central Executive Committee were going. They planned to concentrate this attack on the People's Commissars, and particularly on Lenin himself. Vladimir Ilich listened to my report as calmly as usual, merely asking: —

'Well, we shall go just the same?'

'Certainly.'

[1] From *Ogoniok* (Moscow illustrated weekly), *January 24*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'Can you guarantee our safety?'

'I trust that we shall have a quiet trip, for I have taken elaborate measures to counter the plans of the Social-Revolutionaries.'

He approved them, and I pressed the button that started the machinery we had organized in Room 75. Curious things at once began to happen. At this time the railway unions were very reactionary. They were filled with Mensheviki and Social-Revolutionaries. A few days after my interview with Vladimir Ilich a delegation visited me from them. After talking over several insignificant matters, one of the members casually remarked: —

'So the Government proposes to skip out to Moscow?'

Disregarding the covert sneer, I said in a matter-of-fact way: —

'Yes, we're going to skip out, but to one of the Volga cities. You know, it will be easier to get food there, and it will be safer from the Germans. Now won't you fellows work out a scheme for our change of base? We don't want to touch Moscow on the way if we can help it; and we want to keep the whole move very quiet.' Then I added in a low voice, almost in the man's ear: 'We shall not want to start until a month or two, so you'll have plenty of time.'

The delegation left the room as if borne on wings. I knew that they would report our plans to everybody and brag about having charge of the whole thing. Sure enough, within a few days it was reported to me that the officers of the railway unions were boasting that the Government had practically surrendered to them; that they had us in their power. Some of these fellows actually called on me and advised me earnestly to send our people down to the Volga in a military train.

'You know, there are so many deserters filling up trains going in that direction that all you would have to do would be to mix with the crowd,' one of them said.

I argued every detail of their plans with them, disagreed, criticized, acted as if I took it all most seriously. So they repeated their visits many times, discussing the whole thing over and over again. In that way I kept their most dangerous leaders absorbed in a fictitious job, meanwhile quietly making my own plans for the removal. For the time being, I turned over my work as head of the Cheka to the Commissar of Justice, Steinberg, and to Comrade Dzerzhinskii, who began to organize our spy service all over the country.

I had the most suspicious characters in Petrograd arrested. With many of them were captured, not only arms, and bombs, but extremely important documents and secret correspondence. But my most important task was to proceed with the preparations for the railway journey. I knew that by this time the Social-Revolutionaries had some inkling of my real plans. That was not so dangerous, because they could not know the date. Later, during the trials in 1922, the Social-Revolutionaries boasted that they had planned to blow up every Government train leaving on the day we did, but that they were misled by contradictory information.

Ten days before the date fixed in my mind, which I communicated to no one, not even to Lenin himself, I called in an absolutely trustworthy and loyal Bolshevist comrade, who was at that time one of the Commissars of the Nicholas Railway, and told him that certain of our comrades occupying highly responsible positions would soon have to go to Moscow; that they must be sent there secretly, but in comfortable coaches. The man advised me to have the train start at the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

small suburban platform of Tsvetochnaia, which was at an obscure junction outside the city limits and absolutely deserted at that season. So we arranged to drop the necessary number of passenger cars at that point one by one, until there were enough to form a train at the last minute. The trip would be made without lights until the main line was reached, and the train crew from the engineer down were to be tested men of the most unquestionable loyalty to the Communist cause.

Simultaneously I prepared to send the members of the Central Executive Committee to Moscow as conspicuously as possible. When people asked me why these gentlemen were going there, I explained that they were to lecture to the workingmen in Moscow preparatory to a general session of the Committee in that city. I ordered two of the former royal trains to the Nicholas Station to carry the delegates, among whom were many peasants. Several of the latter favored the Social-Revolutionaries. The two trains were to leave with only a twenty minutes' interval between them, and as an added precaution I carefully put the Social-Revolutionaries in the front coaches of both of them.

On March 9 I ordered two extra passenger trains to be ready at the Nicholas Station, to leave the following day. In them I planned to send to Moscow the employees of the Commissariats and enough office furniture and supplies for the first few days in the latter city. I intended to load and dispatch these trains publicly, for it would have been absurd to try to do so secretly, on account of the great quantity of luggage that must be sent along. My primary purpose, of course, was to distract suspicion from the Tsvetochnaia platform. Not until late in the evening of March 9 were sealed envelopes handed to the Commissars and those of our other comrades going on the secret train, telling them where to report the next day.

Meanwhile agents of Room 75 — the Cheka headquarters — spread a rumor that a party of military surgeons was leaving hurriedly for Pskov, and that it was their luggage that was being carried in the direction of the Moscow Gate, which is the direction to the Tsvetochnaia platform. This luggage was started off at 2 P.M. and arrived at about six. After dark, automobiles unloaded our passengers and their families near a small platform where a train without lights was waiting. Comrades from Room 75 met them and took them to the seats assigned them. At half-past eight a detachment of comrades from Room 75, taking a few picked section hands with them, made a final inspection of the tracks between Tsvetochnaia and the main line.

Finally the moment of departure came. At 9.30 P. M. on March 10, 1918, our party left Smolny. Our motor-car contained, besides myself and Lenin, the latter's wife and sister and my own wife.

'So the Petrograd period of our Government activity is ended. What will the Moscow period have in store for us?' said Vladimir Ilich in a low voice. He then asked: 'Have you everything ready?'

At Tsvetochnaia my regular assistant Tsygankov and several other comrades met us and, lighting the way with their flash lights, carefully led Vladimir Ilich and the rest of the party to their compartments. I then took personal command of the train, inspected every car and sentry post, and asked the railway commissar to inquire about the two trains that were waiting at the Nicholas Station. We found that they were ready to leave. I or-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dered one of them held back for a few minutes. Our locomotive was under full head of steam. I gave a signal. We started almost without a sound and glided smoothly away. The cars were in utter darkness.

'Well, have we got to ride in the dark like this?' Vladimir Ilich asked in a voice of protest.

'I'm only anxious till we get to the main line,' I said apologetically. 'After that we can have electric lights everywhere.' I turned on one small light, however.

'That's fine, that's fine,' Vladimir Ilich exclaimed; 'at least I can read something.' He was so overjoyed at this solitary light that I did not have the heart to turn it off, but pulled the shades down closer. Thus, with a single light in one of our parlor cars, which hardly showed a glimmer through the dark curtains, we cautiously proceeded on to the main line. As soon as that was reached we put on full speed and lighted up the train; but all the curtains were drawn lest suspicions be awakened.

During the night it was reported to me that we had been forced to slow down, because immediately after one of the Government trains left Nicholas Station a long train of freight cars packed with armed naval deserters on their way home from Petrograd had got the right of way and refused to let our train pass them. Their train could run only very slowly, so that instead of reaching Tver the next morning we were only at Vishera. At that point the sailors' train was sidetracked at my orders. Our train also stopped at a little distance from the long line of freight cars. It was a cold, frosty morning, but the sun was shining brightly.

I ordered the machine-guns at the station to be rolled out. They made a big noise rumbling across the stone floors. A few people in our train awoke and watched the proceedings with great amazement. The sailors in their train saw the machine-guns and began to jump out of the cars and hide behind their train.

I went forward, followed by ten men, and ordered them to get back into their cars at once. Several of the sailors recognized us. They knew we meant business since a recent encounter at the Nicholas Station, where we had ordered some of these fellows to disarm and showed them that we were in earnest. So they promptly clambered aboard again. I then ordered them to be disarmed. They surrendered their weapons without further parley, and some section hands that happened to be around the station carried them into a car of our own train that was garrisoned by Lettish sharpshooters. The sailors begged permission to keep two rifles, which we allowed them to do, leaving them three cartridges to each rifle.

Their train was then moved to a blind siding where it was shut off from the main track by a line of empty freight cars. I left orders not to let them proceed for twenty-four hours — that is, until all Government trains had passed. The machine-guns were then dismounted and placed in the car occupied by the Lett sharpshooters. Thereupon our train continued at full speed toward Moscow.

At one of the large junctions near Moscow delegates from the Moscow Council came aboard and we discussed how to receive Lenin. We did not reach the city until the evening of March 11, and were immediately escorted to the apartments assigned to us beforehand. Vladimir Ilich and I stopped temporarily at the Hotel National, now 'First House of the Soviets.' It was not until March 12 that we went over to the Kremlin to select

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the future quarters of the People's Commissars. About 2 P.M. we drove through the Trinity Gate of the Kremlin, which still bore traces of the hard fighting that had recently raged round its walls.

'Now we are in the Kremlin,' I remarked to Lenin.

'Yes, we are in the Kremlin,' Vladimir Ilich answered mechanically, though obviously somewhat moved. Then he added after a pause: 'Here is where the workers' and peasants' Government must strike root and grow strong.'

We thus entered the venerable pile that was to become the Capitol of Soviet Russia.

TRAIN TALK IN THE BALKANS[1]

BY LUCIANO MAGRINI

This ordinary Balkan passenger train, which takes fifty hours to go from Budapest to Sofia, and thirty more to reach Constantinople, is a sort of forum where all the passions, hopes, and worries of the Balkan peoples meet. It is difficult to draw the geographical boundary of the Balkans. The mountain chain across Bulgaria that gave its name to the Peninsula has been honored by the peace treaties with large accessions of territory. The Balkan atmosphere has spread to mutilated Hungary, has been wafted across Czechoslovakia, and perchance reaches Danzig. Hungary, which by reason of her geographical position and her high culture seemed chosen to uphold the torch of civilization in the vestibule of the Balkans, is to-day thoroughly Easternized, torn with the rancors, Irredentism, and the other passions that have characterized the Balkan peoples in the past.

When we leave Budapest our train is crowded with Hungarian refugees from Transylvania, the Bánát, and Slovakia. They number altogether three hundred and fifty thousand in Hungary at present. We reach Sofia only to be told that the country cannot possibly carry longer the burden of supporting three hundred thousand refugees who have crowded into its narrow territories from Thrace and Macedonia. When we leave Budapest everybody is talking about the great conspiracy to counterfeit French bank notes. We reach Sofia and learn that during the last few weeks twenty forgers have been arrested there. They had, it seemed, established a regular counterfeiters' corporation operating four machines — one printing press and three paper machines — in the manufacture of counterfeit American hundred-dollar bills and Bulgarian five-thousand-lev notes. The machines, like those used by the Budapest counterfeiters, were made by a firm in Leipzig. That is quite natural, for the Balkan trains made up at Berlin pass through Leipzig.

From Budapest to the Yugoslav frontier we and our fellow passengers discuss the territorial blunders com-

[1] From *La Stampa* (Turin Independent daily), *January* 30

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mitted at Paris and the trials and tribulations of the peoples that composed the mosaic of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire. A banker from Pressburg, or Bratislava as it is now called, has much to say about the high-handedness of the new Czech Government. Right after the Armistice he was summoned by Wilson's experts to inform them concerning conditions in the city. He began by stating: 'Gentlemen, Pressburg, which the Czechs insist on taking for the capital of Slovakia, is a German city that has been for many, many years part of Hungary.' That was precise and definite, but the experts elevated their brows and asked him to say it over. The banker repeated his statement without making himself any clearer. They did n't understand, because they did n't want to, and went away saying: 'It is impossible to settle the status of this town. It is too complicated.'

A Jewish traveler struck into the conversation to complain about the deplorable condition of the currency, the uncertainty of business, and the growth of anti-Semitism. He said Europe was going to the dogs and would soon be ruined beyond salvation unless some way was discovered to stabilize the currency. If he was a young man he would go to America, where you could still make a living; but being old he preferred — to travel in the Balkans.

A talkative Turkish colonel, a friend of Kemal Pasha, now joined in the conversation. His wife was with him — a lady dressed in European fashion and with bobbed hair, who smoked cigarettes incessantly and kept interrupting us in a jargon half German and half Turkish, which her amiable husband hastened to translate for our benefit. She wanted us to know that a new era had dawned in Turkey. The country was being reformed at express-train speed. Women were completely emancipated. It had taken only a few months to abolish the harem, to do away with polygamy, and to emancipate women from their age-long seclusion. No one wore the old style of clothing any longer; everybody dressed just as they do in Europe.

After his wife had finished, the colonel added that everybody in Turkey was enthusiastic for the new reforms; that it would not be many years before the country was in the very forefront of progressive Western Powers. The revolution had affected everything — politics, religion, the family, the schools; all bridges connecting Modern Turkey with the past had been burned. The functions and the character of the clergy had been defined, public works were being started, agriculture and manufacturing were being encouraged. They were building highways and railways and importing modern agricultural machinery. People had said that when the Greeks were driven out business would go to pot; but these prophets had made a grand mistake. The Greeks were not producers, but middlemen, and the country got along perfectly well without them. The fez had been abolished — prohibited by law. A few fanatics had raised a row, but after a priest or two had been sent to prison for fifteen years, and a mayor for seven years, the reform had been accepted joyfully by the rest of the population.

New Turkey, he continued, had reformed her civil and criminal code and brought her court procedure up to date. Criminal libel is punished by imprisonment of from one to three years, and slander by imprisonment of from three months to one year. Circulating improper photographs or songs is punished with six months' imprisonment. The sale of improper books or the exhibition of films considered detrimental to the morals and stand-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ards of the community is punished by terms of imprisonment ranging from one month to a year. A year's imprisonment is imposed for importing or selling opium, morphine, cocaine, or hashish. Forgery is punished by ten years' imprisonment. In this way Turkey, while adopting Western civilization, takes stringent measures to prevent any lowering of the moral and civic standards of the people during this unsettling period of transformation.

I diverted the conversation to the question of Mosul and England. The Colonel told me that this was a very difficult question for Turkey, because the country must have peace in order to carry out its programme of governmental and social reform and material development. No responsible person in the country, the colonel assured me, dreamed for a moment of fighting England. Turkey was stronger than England on the Irak frontier, and her troops could seize the city of Mosul without great difficulty; but Angora knew perfectly well that a war with England would be fatal. Consequently the Government's policy was one of passive resistance. It would not recognize the decision of the League Council. British oil companies are extremely eager for concessions to develop the rich oilfields in Turkish territory and also in Mosul itself, but until the political status of Mosul is definitely settled — that is, as long as Turkey refuses to recognize the award of the League — the threat of hostilities will frighten away investors and paralyze all efforts to develop these resources. Foreign capital will not venture into a disputed territory. England, consequently, will derive no profit from her paper victory. Instead of that, she will be placed at great expense to keep the country properly garrisoned. Angora, of course, contemplates the extremely remote possibility that the present impasse may take a more serious form, and as a measure of insurance has allied herself with Moscow. But her treaty with the Soviet Government is purely defensive.

At Belgrade our train stopped for two hours. The railway station was thronged with soldiers and officers, because a long military train was just leaving for Nish. Two new passengers came into our compartment — a Serb army officer and a Serb official. The first one hastened to assure us, as if to anticipate possible sensational conjectures, that these troop movements were merely the regular reliefs being sent to the garrisons stationed on the Macedonian frontier. He admitted, however, that certain precautionary measures were being taken. The Macedonians were so irritated by Greek persecutions that a border flare-up might occur at any moment. The Belgrade Government did not exactly trust Greece's new dictator, Pangalos, who might do something unexpected.

Little by little the reserve that had characterized the conversation of these gentlemen at first began to vanish as the talk became heated. The Serb army officer described in vigorous language the indignation against Greece that had grown up in Yugoslavia during the last few months. The people were intensely exasperated against the Athens Government. Public meetings had been held in different parts of Serbia and Macedonia to protest against the way the Greek authorities were treating the Macedonian minorities in Greece, who had been deprived of the rights and liberties they had enjoyed for centuries under Turkish rule. The Greeks were confiscating their property, expelling them from the country, throwing them into jail, and subjecting them to every conceivable persecution and outrage. A few

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

days before fifteen thousand Macedonians had gathered at Monastir to protest against the way the Greeks were abusing the Slavic population of Florina, Vodena, and Kozhané. When I asked specifically what the Greeks had done, I was told that they were expelling and imprisoning people, confiscating their property, and closing their churches and schools. As a result the people had appealed to the Belgrade Government to secure the return of their schools and churches and a guaranty that they would be permitted to live unmolested as peaceable, law-abiding citizens. The inhabitants of certain villages under Greek rule had sent a protest to the League of Nations.

To anyone familiar with the Balkan atmosphere, these are seeds of danger. The age-old animosities of Macedonia, these new Greek persecutions, these mass meetings, these appeals to Belgrade, threaten future trouble.

Yugoslavia has denounced the Treaty of Alliance concluded in 1913 between Greece and Serbia, and has rejected the Greek proposal to the League of Nations that a pact of mutual guaranty be entered into by all the Balkan States, because she insists first upon a final settlement of Yugoslavia's right to access to the Ægean and to protect the Macedonian minorities in Greece. Our train was threading its way through snowdrifts on the line between Belgrade and Saloniki, and the latter city was constantly on the lips of our two new passengers. The Serb officer argued: 'Saloniki is a Macedonian town. It ought to belong to the nation that holds the greater part of Macedonia, which is its economic hinterland — that is, Yugoslavia. We are being suffocated in an air-tight compartment. We must have an opening on the sea. Saloniki is our natural Ægean port — the maritime outlet for the whole Vardar valley, which is entirely in our possession.' I imagined I could almost hear the drumbeats of the Serb march to the sea.

'We could do it easy enough. One short campaign would settle it. The time's ripe and our people are ready. Of course, there are imponderables, but I'll wager the thing will be settled before the year's over. It's a critical moment. A frontier skirmish, a repetition of what the Greeks tried against the Bulgarians, and it would be done in a jiffy.'

Our Serb travelers got out at Nish, and only passengers on their way to Bulgaria and Turkey remained. But our conversation continued to dwell on the tension between Serbia and Greece and the possibility of a new war. A Macedonian, now in the employ of the Bulgarian Government, burst out indignantly: 'For more than twelve years the Greeks have been persecuting the Bulgarians — or I may say the Slav populations, as the Serbs call them — under their rule. Up to now the Yugoslavs have paid no attention to it. It is only within the last few months that they have begun to show signs of anger. They have been holding public meetings, and have even gone so far as to organize a Bulgarian Committee at Monastir. It is not difficult to see what they are working for. It is Saloniki. All right. We Macedonian Bulgarians have no reason to love the Serbs, but we sympathize with Belgrade on this question. But we'll simply stand on the side lines. To be sure, we had rather see Bulgarian Macedonia, which is divided to-day between the Serbs and the Greeks, under one government, and of the two we naturally perfer a Slavic race. Nevertheless, the question of giving Bulgaria an Ægean port still remains open. If Greece and Yugoslavia go to war, we shall stay strictly neutral.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bulgarians want peace. You could n't coax them into a fight just now. They have been fooled often enough. They have suffered too much. They have seen their hopes turn to ashes. But we believe that if Yugoslavia should seize a port on the Ægean we might be able to get Article 45 of the Neuilly Treaty put into effect.'

Now our conversation swings around to Macedonia. The gentleman who has just spoken declares: 'A great majority of the people are Bulgars. You know even Pirot and Nish are Bulgarian. Pašič himself, the Prime Minister of Yugoslavia, is a Bulgarian of an old Macedonian family.'

I interpose that I have heard people assert that the present Prime Minister of Bulgaria, Liaptcheff, who is also of Macedonian descent, is really a Serb, and that Sofia itself is after a fashion a Serb town. However this may be, Pašič and Liaptcheff are both Macedonians. A gulf of hatred of rather recent origin divides Bulgaria and Serbia. But history makes unexpected bedfellows. Some hatreds are very transitory and are cemented into firm friendships. Macedonia, which has seen so many revolutions and wars and massacres, may some day — and that not long hence — become a bond joining these two nations in permanent peace.

The Balkan train crosses the Bulgarian frontier. I catch sight of poverty-striken little Bulgarian villages half buried in the snow, and a rugged mountain-landscape of unbroken white melting into the pale blue of a cloudless horizon. The silence of the Balkan winter. Not a sign of life. The restless *comitadji* bands are for the moment dispersed, or at least inactive. But this truce, enforced by Nature, impresses me like the brooding hour of new hostilities — for the spring flowers in the Balkans all too often have scarlet blossoms.

A CONRAD HEROINE IN REAL LIFE[1]

BY LÉONIE VILLARD

[MLLE. VILLARD is *maître de conférences* in English and American literature at the University of Lyon, and the author of a discriminating study of Jane Austen published in 1923.]

THOUGH the scene of *Suspense*, Conrad's unfinished symphony of human unrest, is laid in a world that is essentially a world of men, a feminine figure, that of Adèle de Montevesso, awakens in the reader a sense of chivalrous pity akin to that which stirred the heart of Cosmo Latham in her presence. The heroine of *Suspense*, whose fresh young beauty is heightened by its crown of sorrows, seems a being such as only the imagination of a great artist could create. And yet, in the life-story of a great French lady, we find, set down with all the soberness of undisputable truth, some of the very facts that have

[1] From *T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly* (London popular journal), *January* 23

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thrilled us with wonder in Conrad's novel.

Adèle d'Osmond was born at Versailles in 1781. Her father, the Marquis d'Osmond, was a young nobleman whose steadiness of character and sound culture had already singled him out from the mass of courtiers whose lives held no other interests than pleasure. Her mother, one of the most famous beauties presented at Versailles in the last years before the Revolution, was a Miss Dillon, of Irish origin, though born and educated in France. On her marriage she had been appointed lady-in-waiting to Madame Adélaïde, the aunt of the King, a position that entailed the obligation of living in or close to the palace. Little Adèle, the first-born of the family, was remarkably pretty, and her amusing prattle made her a favorite with everybody, from the King and Queen to the Dauphin and ten-year-old madame.

When the Revolution broke out, Madame d'Osmond and her daughter went first to England. They spent a few months at Brighton, where Mrs. Fitzherbert, a cousin of the Marquise, was living with the Prince of Wales, who had gone through a secret marriage with her. The only memory that time left in Adèle's mind was one that would have delighted Thackeray, could he but have known of it. In the Prince's dressing-room she remembered having seen a huge table covered with shoe-buckles of all shapes and sizes!

On their return to France the condition of the country soon obliged Madame d'Osmond to repair to Naples, where Adèle formed what was to be a life-long friendship with the Princess Marie Amélie, known to history as the queen consort of Louis Philippe. The Queen of Naples had already succumbed to the fascination of Lady Hamilton.

The lovely Emma was often called upon to display before the court, in striking attitudes copied from the best examples of classical statuary, her yet untarnished perfection of face and form. For these 'tableaux vivants' she was quick to see the value of the contrast formed by the childish features and beautiful fair hair of Adèle d'Osmond with her own dark and voluptuous beauty. Sometimes, with a dagger raised in one hand while the other fiercely clutched the hair of the child kneeling before her, she would conjure up before her audience a vision of Medea in the act of slaying her offspring; then, suddenly pressing her to her bosom in an attitude of hopeless despair, she would stand before them, a living impersonation of Niobe.

But the very presence of Lady Hamilton and her power over the Queen's mind made Naples a precarious refuge for the d'Osmonds. They had met in Rome, in 1792, a kinsman of the Marquise, Sir John Legard, who had invited them to come to his place in Yorkshire, and there for two years Sir John Legard gave them cordial hospitality. But Madame d'Osmond's health was declining, and in order to get reliable medical advice the family left Yorkshire for London, and the Marquis took a small house at Brompton on a three years' lease. Adèle was now fifteen, and gifted with an enchanting voice. Seppio, who had been the singing-master of Marie Antoinette, gave her lessons, and was so proud of her that every Sunday morning he would bring some professional singers to the small house in Brompton and give there little private concerts at which Adèle was often heard.

One day a friend of the Marquis brought an acquaintance, a man of about fifty, who had made an immense fortune in India. This man, a Piedmontese by birth, had received a title from the King of Sardinia, and was now

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

called the Count de Boigne. He knew that the d'Osmonds were in sore straits. Accordingly, he sent through a friend a message to Mademoiselle d'Osmond to the effect that if she would accept his hand her family and herself should be placed beyond the reach of poverty. Adèle d'Osmond, who was not yet sixteen, saw in this offer the means of relieving her parents' constant anxieties. She asked for an interview with Monsieur de Boigne, and when he came told him that she had no affection for him and probably would never feel any, but that, should he undertake to secure her parents' future against want, she would willingly and gratefully agree to become his wife. Twelve days later she became the Comtesse de Boigne. But the marriage proved unhappy, owing to the Count's groundless jealousy, and at the end of a few years a definite separation was agreed upon.

The time of the 'emigration' was drawing to a close, and Bonaparte was ready to welcome back to France those of the nobility who had fled before the Revolution. In 1804 Madame de Boigne left England, and was soon followed by the Marquis and Marquise d'Osmond. She soon began to gather round her a circle of friends, among whom Madame Récamier and the brilliant Madame de Staël must be mentioned. Only once did she exchange a few words with Napoleon, at a ball given for the Princess of Baden. Alluding to the peculiar circumstances of Madame de Boigne's married life, the Emperor gave her the characteristic 'good advice' that he gives in *Suspense* to Adèle de Montevesso.

In 1814, with the return of the Bourbons, new prospects opened before Monsieur d'Osmond. Louis XVIII asked him to go to Turin, pointing out that this was a splendid post, since the King of Sardinia was the King of France's brother-in-law. Madame de Boigne accompanied her parents to Piedmont, and was there when the Emperor left the Isle of Elba. At this point the connection that can easily be traced between her story and that of Adèle de Montevesso comes to an end.

The future held in store for Madame de Boigne no such tragic fate as Conrad allows us to guess at, if we interpret the waking vision in which Cosmo Latham sees a fair woman stepping out of the frame of an Italian picture, with pearls on her head and bosom and her left breast pierced by a dagger. From that time, on the contrary, the course of Madame de Boigne's life was to be untroubled. When the Marquis d'Osmond was appointed Ambassador to the Court of St. James, she was happy to see England again. She was often invited to Claremont, where the ill-fated Princess Charlotte told her one day that she would not accept the crown unless her husband were to share it with her and be king over her subjects as well as over herself. When old age came, the great lady who had lived to see another Napoleon reigning over France collected the reminiscences of so many years into delightful 'Memoirs,' to be given to the public long after her death. These 'Memoirs' are the monument that preserves for posterity the name of Adèle d'Osmond, Countess de Boigne.

As to the man who saved her from long years of poverty, and in exchange darkened the best years of her youth, he left a large portion of his wealth to Chambéry, his native town. There, to this day, the finest street bears his name; and, a still more eloquent tribute to his public benevolence and to the gratitude of his fellow townsmen, one may see at the end of that street a statue of the Count de Boigne, in his general's uniform, standing on a marble pedestal supported on the backs of four elephants.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOME FROM THE SEA[1]

BY J. B. PRIESTLEY

To return from a long voyage is almost to be born again. There is one brief moment, after landing, when you discover your old life as Columbus discovered America — when you play 'stout Cortez,' not on a peak in Darien, but on a bleak English quayside. It seems to you, if only for a second or so, that none of the places you have seen — lands colored like the rainbow, ports with names that are themselves three-volume romances — is so fantastic as the gray little island to which you have returned. Then familiarity comes crashing down and everything round you is clear and solid and something known to you all your days, whereas all your voyaging has crumbled into the fragments of a dream.

Because I had made a good many voyages, lasting from a few hours to a week, I thought I knew something of the sea; but actually I knew nothing. Those short voyages do not allow you sufficient time in which to forget your old existence as a land animal or to see the life afloat as anything but a brief episode, a queer interlude of rocking decks and berths and alleyways and white paint. But now that I have spent week after week in this strange world, when ten thousand miles have foamed past, when two score suns have risen from the encircling waters and plunged down into them again, I understand many things that were before a mystery.

Thus it was not long before I began to see the world as long-voyage sailors must always have seen it. In spite of the blue expanses on the map, I had always thought of the sea as a kind of happy accident, a bright novelty that made its appearance here and there so that landsmen might enjoy their holidays. But now I saw that the maps had told even less than the truth, that the world was indeed a waste of tumbling waters in which it was the land that was the happy accident. By observing narrowly the sun and stars, poring over charts and cunningly turning a wheel, you might, with luck, arrive where some solid stuff peeped out of the water and grew trees and grass and even streets and houses.

We flatter ourselves, we men and apes and beetles, that the world belongs to us; but in truth it belongs to the fishes, who can go round and round the globe with never a break in the rhythmical play of their fins and tails. We are mere interlopers. Look in at the nearest fishmonger's and you will observe in the round eyes of the dead creatures there a look of pained surprise, of wounded dignity. Now I can understand that look, for the fish, well aware of the fact that the world was made for him and his kind, suddenly finds himself the prey of an insolent upstart with feet and lungs, who has only a fraction of the earth's surface on which to live. An alderman kidnapped by a turtle could not be more surprised or feel more wounded in his dignity.

It is true that the ship itself was in a sense nothing but a floating bit of land,

[1] From the *Saturday Review* (London Baldwin-Conservative weekly), *January* 16

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on which we could lead a life not surprisingly different from our customary one. But there were differences. The background, the vague ring of sea and sky, was all strange, so that even the ordinary things we did took on a new significance, suffering a sea-change. Some people never notice this difference, and that is why they find sea voyages woefully tedious.

Let us admit at once that long voyages, even to places with names like rich sonnets, are not the exciting affairs that the romantic fancy paints them as being. Compelled to pass the time somehow between one meal and the next (and how important meals are on board — the four stout pillars of the day), you find yourself doing things that would be beneath your contempt ashore — reading books that you have despised for years, playing crudely devised games with almost unsporting eagerness, encouraging your companions to tell their longest and dullest stories, indulging in naps without stint or shame. The days can be so empty of incident that the sight of a rusty old buoy that has drifted out into mid-ocean, a few floating spars, the mere idle rumor of a distant ship, will send everyone crowding to the rails. No one can complain here of the hurrying hours, the day gone by like a flash, for time stretches out as empty and vacant as the shining space surrounding us. There is time for everything, even to work through all the games of patience or to read *Clarissa Harlowe*.

If you have no sense of the changed background, of having been born again into a strange little world, then this life may seem tedious enough; but most of us found it had a curious, fascinating quality of its own. Our old life faded like a dream. Our old interests, the familiar routine, were lost with the horizons of home. We were in a new world, and became, as it were, new people, strange even to ourselves. Our days may have seemed empty enough, passed in trivialities, entirely lacking that excitement with which our fancy had dowered them; and yet they came to have a significance and charm of their own, a kind of rhythmical flow, beating to the throb of the ship's engines, that we were sorry to find broken, in spite of all the bustle and interest of an arrival in port, when we came to the land again. Even those who complained most of the tedium of sea voyages found themselves, rather to their astonishment, half regretting that they were leaving us at this port or the other, that the queer interlude was at an end.

There was, at least to me, a curious sweet melancholy that pervaded this easy, empty life of ours and gave it a fascination, an indescribable charm. The background against which we performed our little antics seemed nearer to eternity than the familiar one of our ordinary life. The crowded, cosy, painted world we knew had faded into the silent universe of bright stars and black space. Night after night, when they danced on the boat deck, I would watch them with a kind of sweet trouble about my heart, a strange lovely melancholy like that of a boy in love through one long dreaming summer. The quaint tunes on the gramophone, — those wistful dance-tunes of our time that would be so bright and care-free if they only could, — blown into a whisper by the tropical breeze; the little circle of colored electric globes, the bare arms of the girls, the black coats and white coats of their partners, against the huge staring night, the stars, and the restless shadow of the sea — all this held me night after night, for in this tiny patch of sound and light — something so little and lovely, foolish and yet half

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tragic — there seemed to be all our human life.

Nor was it any different when we held carnival and capered there as pierrots and shepherdesses and cowboys and gypsy maidens, for, once we had surged from below into the night, these our revels shrank to a pin-point of light, a whisper in the darkness.

And now that I have set foot on shore again, it is as if I had never been away, but had dozed for a minute or two in my chair and been visited by a confused dream of a long journey. The seas and flaming sunsets and islands and tropical jungles have been huddled away like the tattered scenery of some bankrupt theatrical company. That life on the ship which had blotted out all other existence is now nothing but a few colored scraps in the memory, shredding away with every tick of my watch. Those people who made up my whole world only a little while ago, what are they now but ghosts? Where is the general with the extraordinary eyebrows — they were far larger than any subaltern's moustache; and pretty Miss N——, whose fancy dress was so daring, who won so many prizes and stayed out so late, it was said, on the boat deck; and the baronet who had been a cow-puncher and grumbled because there were no hard biscuits and salt junk on the menu; and the parson's wife, whose voice was too shrill and who danced far too many times with the sleek cavalry captain? Where are the three planters who never left one corner of the smoking-room; and the spectacled American who was so angry when his favorite game of shuffleboard was not included in the ship's sports; and the three dark-eyed girls from Demerara who had just seen snow for the first time in England and could talk of nothing else; and the 'bookie' from Yorkshire who was always getting up complicated decimal sweeps on the day's run; and fat Mr. S——, from Baltimore, who ate so much and so quickly that he seemed to be warehousing rather than eating his food; and the mysterious grim man who was going up the Orinoco; and the very old gentleman who sat opposite to me at table and would always pinch all the rolls (as if they were little boys' cheeks) at breakfast-time? Where are they, these ghosts, dimming already while the cock crows in my memory? And where is the ship that once carried them and me and was once all our world? Even now it is as remote and insubstantial as the Flying Dutchman.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOUR HONOR[1]

BY LIAM O'FLAHERTY

Mr. Patrick Gilhooley came out of Sinnott's Riding School in Park Gate Street at four o'clock in the afternoon. He had just taken his first lesson in horsemanship. He felt numb all over the body. Although he walked as usual, by pitching his flat feet out sideways, like a motherly old cow, he felt sure that he walked like a cavalry officer. Therefore, in spite of his soreness and the memory of the smile he had seen on the face of an impudent stable-boy during the lesson, he felt very proud of himself. His yellow top-boots had creases above the ankles. His brown riding-breeches were made of the most expensive cord. His jazz pull-over was in the latest fashion. His smart bowler hat was perched at a daring angle. Phew! He felt a very fine and dashing fellow.

To the onlooker, of course, he looked perfectly ridiculous, with his flat feet and his undulating paunch, coming along like an advertisement for a cinema theatre.

Formerly he had been a small shopkeeper in a country village. His shop was a failure commercially, because he spent all his time in political agitation. He was chairman of the rural district council and secretary to three different political organizations. At last, however, his hour struck. His second cousin, Mr. Christopher Mulligan, the solicitor, was appointed by the Government as commissioner to administrate the affairs of a public body suppressed for corruption. Immediately Mr. Mulligan appointed all his cousins to fill subsidiary posts under the new, incorruptible administration. Mr. Gilhooley became Assistant Deputy Commissioner.

Before Mr. Gilhooley had walked fifty yards from the riding-school gate he was accosted by a ruffian called the Cadger Byrne. Byrne was a very tiny man. He had a round, sallow face. His eyes were small, sharp, and gray. His ears were diminutive, and they protruded from the sides of his head instead of sloping in the usual manner. He was dressed in riding-breeches and gaiters. He had the manner and appearance of a disreputable race-course tout. Exactly what he was.

'Pardon me, yer honor,' said Byrne, standing in front of Mr. Gilhooley and touching his cap.

'Eh?' said Mr. Gilhooley, starting, and halting abruptly.

Here it must be stated that the title 'your honor' is the property of a certain class of persons now becoming defunct — that is, Irish country gentlemen. In his youth Mr. Gilhooley had been in the habit of touching his cap and saying, 'Good morning, yer honor,' when some landowner rode into the village mounted on an enormous hunter stallion. The landowner was in the habit of reining in his stallion, calling to Mr. Gilhooley's father, then proprietor of the village shop, and, without taking the trouble to dismount or to look at Mr. Gilhooley's father, ordering, perhaps, a box of matches to be

[1] From the *Manchester Guardian* (Independent Liberal daily), *December* 24

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sent at once to Ballyhooley Manor. Till now Mr. Gilhooley had loathed the title 'your honor.' All his political agitation had been directed against the class of persons who held that title. But now, when he heard himself addressed by that title for the first time in his life, an extraordinary thrill of pleasure permeated his whole fat body.

That thrill of pleasure passed in a moment, giving way to a suspicion that he was being insulted. A sense of inferiority passed over him, causing a little shiver down his spine and a lump in his throat — just as when he committed some blunder in the drawing-rooms to which he had recently been invited on account of his new position. He looked at Byrne shrewdly.

But Byrne's upraised and expectant face was perfectly respectful. It bore that subservient smile that Mr. Gilhooley recognized and understood very well — formerly, of course. Mr. Gilhooley became reassured. Undoubtedly the fellow mistook him, Mr. Gilhooley, for one of the old caste.

'What do you want?' said Mr. Gilhooley, stretching out his right boot with the toe upraised, and staring at the toe with a serious expression on his face.

He spoke sourly and rather arrogantly, but he was really very well pleased.

'Would yer honor put in a good word for me?' said Byrne in a very fawning voice.

'How do you mean?' said Mr. Gilhooley, starting again. Since the man wanted something he had ceased to be pleased. 'Where could I put in a good word for you?'

'In the stables, o' course, yer honor,' said Byrne, edging closer and looking at Mr. Gilhooley with an almost impertinent smile of intimacy on his face.

'What have I got to do with stables?' cried Mr. Gilhooley indignantly. He nodded his head backward toward the riding-school, and added ferociously, 'D'ye think I'm employed in there?'

Byrne waggled his head from side to side knowingly, and the smile on his face broadened.

'Now, yer honor,' he said, 'sure ye know very well I did n't mane that? Don't I know a gentleman when I see wan? But, yer honor, what I'd be grateful to ye for is if ye'd put in a good word for me in yer own stables, yer honor.'

'Huh!' said Mr. Gilhooley, now smiling broadly, and swelling with a consciousness of a new dignity. 'I've got no stables.'

'Ah! That's all right, yer honor,' said Byrne, in a tone that clearly indicated that he did n't believe a word of it.

'Ho!' said Mr. Gilhooley again. 'Did ye ever hear the like of it?'

He now looked at Byrne in a cheerful, friendly, patronizing manner, and he really felt that he had been a landowner and a horse-owner all his life. Not only that, but he suddenly developed a suspicion — a momentary one of course — that his ancestors had really been noble, and that he was only coming into his own again. Ha! An aristocrat, by jove! As good as the best of them and better!

'Now, yer honor,' continued Byrne, 'I hope ye don't take it bad of me to be accostin' ye this way, but I've been out of work for six months through victimization. An' if his honor Sir John Corcoran was alive to-day 't is n't here I'd be.'

'Oh, ho!' said Mr. Gilhooley.

He felt, indeed, as if he had been a landlord and horse-owner all his life. Very pleasant sensation this, being solicited by a deserving poor fellow down on his luck. He mentally decided that Sir John Corcoran was the best of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fellows, although he had never heard the name before. All this happened within Mr. Gilhooley's mind during one second while Byrne prepared to continue his story.

The story was a long one, but Byrne told it rapidly, hinting at things, and giving names of horses and calling public men by their nicknames. Mr. Gilhooley kept nodding his head until Byrne had finished.

'I'm very sorry,' he said, 'but I'm afraid I can do nothing for you at the moment. Very sorry.'

'Thanks, yer honor,' said Byrne. 'I know yer honor would if he could. But if ye have any loose change to help a poor fellow along . . . I would n't mind mesel', but the children. An' indeed, yer honor, if Sir John Corcoran was alive . . . Thanks, yer honor, thanks. . . .'

Byrne uttered these thanks in anticipation, for he had seen Mr. Gilhooley's hand moving slowly toward his right trousers pocket. The words of thanks hastened the movement of the hand. The hand entered the pocket and emerged with half a crown, which it dropped into Byrne's outstretched hand.

'Another one to make a pair, yer honor,' cried Byrne. 'Yer honor'll never miss it, and a fine gentleman like yer honor needs only to be asked. I know. Sir John Corcoran, God rest his sowl, never drew less than half a golden sovereign out of his pocket to tip a man. He was the elegant gentleman, yer honor. Thanks, yer honor, thanks.'

Again Mr. Gilhooley's hand entered his pocket. This time Mr. Gilhooley's mind had again started to grow suspicious, and he experienced the sensation of slowly recovering from a fit of drunkenness during which he had imagined himself a millionaire and had been flinging his money about. He dropped the second coin — it was a florin — into Byrne's hand. Then he shrugged himself, as if he had caught a chill, and set off at a smart pace. As he walked away he felt a shiver down his spine, and he knew that he had made a fool of himself.

Byrne did not look after him. He just spat on both coins, hitched up his clothes, winked one eye, and said in a curious, melancholy voice: —

'Jay, but that fellah was an easy mark!'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

FOUR VICTORIAN LETTERS

CARLYLE, Dickens, Disraeli, and Cobden were the authors of four hitherto unpublished letters recently printed in the *Manchester Guardian* and all addressed to a Manchester dignitary of Victorian days, Sir Edward Watkin. This gentleman was in the latter part of his life a great railway-magnate, and became successively chairman of the South-Eastern Railway, the Metropolitan, and the Manchester, Sheffield and Lincolnshire, and later president of the Grand Trunk Railway in Canada. In his youth — that is, in the forties — he was the founder of the Manchester Athenæum, an institution that like many of its kind was designed to meet the awakening demands of workingmen for education and enlightenment.

In this rôle Watkin had the friendly interest and support of many of the famous radicals of his day. The first of the four letters in point of date is from the hand of Carlyle, writing on January 26, 1843 — the year of *Past and Present*. It is richly characteristic both in manner and in sentiment.

> Your institution, if I rightly understand it, is one to which all rational men will wish success. To provide the working people with a place of reunion, where they might enjoy books, perhaps music, recreation, instruction; and, at all events, what is dearest to all men, the society and light of one another; this is a thing of palpable utility, a thing at once possible and greatly needed; it is a thousand pities this were not brought to pass, straightway, in all working towns! I have regretted much, in looking at your great Manchester, and its thousandfold industries and conquests, that I could not find, in some quarter of it, a hundred acres of green ground with trees on it, for the summer holidays and evenings of your all-conquering industrious men; and for winter season and bad weather quite another sort of social meeting places than the gin-shops offered! — may all this, and much else, be amended. May good and best speed attend you and your benevolent associates in your attempts to amend some part of it.

The second letter, written in the same year, is from Dickens, who had given a lecture at the Athenæum, and who had not forgotten his own days in the Press Gallery of the House of Commons.

> Many thanks to you for the Manchester newspapers, in which the proceedings of the other night are remarkably well reported. If you should see, or know, any of the gentlemen who attended for the press I wish you would say as much from me, in common justice.

Disraeli, writing in 1844 to discuss arrangements for a meeting at the Athenæum, mentions two personalities — Smythe, the model for Disraeli's Coningsby, a leader in the Young England movement, and Monckton Milnes, later Lord Houghton, the biographer of Keats — who a few years after this came to blows with each other over political questions. No one, it seems, ever mentioned Monckton Milnes with unqualified respect, — not even Swinburne, whose meeting with Landor he arranged, — and the young Disraeli is no harsher than many others.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I received your note yesterday. Mr. Smythe will positively come, he assured me a few days back. He is at present in Germany but will return in a month. His last words were that nothing should prevent him being at Manchester, and I authorise you, therefore, to announce his presence as a certainty.

Lord John Manners you will probably hear from in the course of a few days. I know he is involved with engagements in which he had entered before he received your invitation, and probably is endeavouring to extricate himself from them.

Mr. McGeachy assured me when I saw him last in the House that he should make every possible exertion to be present, and little doubts of being there.

Mr. Milnes will shilly-shally, as is his custom — but it is of no great moment. The most important point is Mr. Smythe, who is a young man of brilliant genius and a capital speaker.

Cobden's letter, dated July 9, 1844, at the Fleet Street office of the Anti-Corn Law League, is amusing for the cavalier manner in which he speaks of the man who was later to be Lord Beaconsfield, and for the apprehensiveness with which he views the tactics of the Smythe faction.

My dear Watkins, —

Those Young Englanders are sad political humbugs; but nevertheless, if you think an importation of them will help the Athenæum, I can't quarrel with your tactics — Ben D'Israeli will make a good chairman. If Lord John Manners and Smythe accompany him, you should take care to have an admixture of native and liberal talent so as to prevent the appearance of onesidedness. If Mr. Robert Gregg could be induced to take a prominent part it would be desirable. I confess I don't like the idea of Manchester throwing itself too exclusively upon the patronage of the landed aristocracy. But you are not to blame. The fault lies with the 'aristocracy of industry,' who are wanting in self-respect and do not stand by their order. I shall, of course, be entirely at the disposal of the Committee.

PERSIANS IN CHINESE GRAVES

Mr. C. M. Bowra, a fellow of Wadham College, Oxford, is the owner of a Chinese figurine of the Tang Dynasty (618–905) that presents an engaging problem in archæological interpretation. In spite of its Far Eastern provenience, this clay figure, about ten inches in height, represents a human type — as to both facial traits and costume — that is anything but Mongolian. 'The figure has a beaky nose and a beard,' says Mr. Bowra in *Discovery*, 'it wears a conical hat that swells out round the temples into a thick band, and it is clothed down to the knees in a tight-fitting frock-coat; the legs are covered with loose-fitting boots, rather like snow-boots.' A similar figurine in a private museum in Peking has the same large nose, the same boots and conical hat, the same full beard — and, in addition, front and back flaps to his hat (folded up), and a pestle and mortar in his right hand.

Who ever heard of a Chinese, even of the Tang Dynasty, with a moustache and beard, snow-boots, and a fur cap? Yet Mr. Bowra's own figurine came from a grave at Lo-yang in Honan, and the other is undeniably local in origin. The answer to the mystery is that both figures are of a marked Western Asiatic type, not unlike the modern Kurd, and that during the period in question there was constant intercourse between China and the west of Asia, particularly Persia. The Parthians, as they then were, sent ambassadors to the Tang emperors, and royal presents of lions, ostriches, and the like.

The Westerners who served as models for these figurines 'were probably servants of some Chinese nobleman, and their gesture of obsequious servility points perhaps to their being butlers. When Confucius abolished the custom

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of human sacrifice on the death of any rich person, clay or wooden models of retainers were substituted for living victims, in the belief that they would attend to the wants of the departed. Our figures are of such retainers.'

HAUPTMANN ON BOOKS

It is a rare thing for a man who has spent his life among books to speak of them with unqualified enthusiasm: Dr. Georg Brandes's modified and guarded esteem is typical of his guild. A conversation with the dramatist Gerhart Hauptmann reported by Josef Chapiro in the *Neue Freie Presse* reveals him as an exception to this rule. 'The art of writing,' says Hauptmann, 'is perhaps the most stupendous invention of the human spirit'; and books seem to him the most solid bulwark between man and savagery. 'When I hear it said that a cultivated man lives according to the rules of his books, not according to the experiences of his life, I don't understand what it can mean. Books are themselves life — an older, richer, deeper, wiser kind of life than our own. They are a part of the vast whole, and therefore I cannot see what serious objections are to be made if great spirits live "bookishly." Can you imagine Spinoza without books, or Kant, or Lessing — or indeed any of us? When I reflect that Spinoza went hungry, and yet managed to accumulate a hundred and fifty books; when I remember how Kant suffered when he was forced to sell his library; when I recollect that Lessing, after he found himself obliged to auction off his book collection, was so unhappy living without books that he became a librarian in Hamburg, and squandered his time cataloguing musty old tomes just for the sake of breathing the dust and odor of yellowed paper and ancient print — then I understand how truly books are nature itself, even when they are, as Goethe said of his novels, only a "courtly allusion" to it.'

RECENT LOSSES TO LITERATURE

Sir Edmund Gosse observes in the *Sunday Times* that the recent death of René Boylesve, the novelist and Academician, is but the latest of a series of losses that in the last three years have set a record in French literary history. The successive deaths of Pierre Loti, Maurice Barrès, Marcel Proust, Anatole France, and — only this winter — Élémir Bourges, have left only M. Paul Bourget to represent the elder school of creative writers in prose. René Boylesve had never enjoyed so wide or so noisy a reputation as some of his predecessors in death, but he was cherished by French littérateurs as a writer of exceptional delicacy, austerity, and finish, aristocratic in a peculiarly attractive way. Most of his novels deal with cultivated life in Touraine, and are in the psychological tradition.

Within a few days, English literature lost representatives of the elder and middle generations in the persons of C. M. Doughty, at the age of eighty-two, and W. L. George, at the age of forty-three. No greater contrast could easily be imagined, however, than that between the patriarchal, aloof, and somewhat haughty figure of the author of *Arabia Deserta* and the thoroughly contemporary feminist author of *A Bed of Roses*. Doughty's death, following those of Wilfrid S. Blunt and Austin Dobson, leaves Mr. Hardy, Dr. Bridges, and Professor Saintsbury practically alone in the generation born in the early forties.

A MINER-ARTIST

The caricatures of Sir James Barrie and Sir Edmund Gosse, from the *Westminster Gazette*, that have appeared re-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cently in these pages were the work of a young English miner who was discovered by a member of the *Gazette's* staff working as a 'pavement artist' in Southampton Row, off Holborn. Mr. Sidney Lowe started life as a pit-boy in Nottinghamshire, where he was born in the village of Eastwood. 'After my first shift,' he says, 'I vowed that at the first opportunity I would lay down pick and shovel and take up pen and brush. I had always been fond of drawing, and decorated a whitewashed wall with all kinds of sketches. Miners from all round used to come and criticize my work.' It took him eleven years to save enough money to get to London, and even then his troubles were not over. After a good deal of struggling, however, he has at last 'arrived,' and the seal will have been set upon his arrival by an exhibition of his work at the Abbey Gallery during March.

✻

LOCATING BABBITT

A HANDSOME gesture of friendly criticism has been made by Herr Anton Erkelenz, a member of the German Reichstag, recording in the *Berliner Tageblatt* his travel impressions of America. Sinclair Lewis's imaginative creation, George Babbitt, has become, says Herr Erkelenz, the type to which all European critics point when they speak of 'the menace of Americanization.' 'But is there really,' he asks, 'more Babbittry in America than elsewhere? Is the life of our own lower classes, intellectually and materially, so clearly admirable that we can look with scorn on the newly rich and imperfectly cultivated Americans of a certain type? Is the German bourgeois, of moderate income, who sits in a public-house drinking beer and mouthing all kinds of inanities, which he calls politics — is he really so superior?'

✻

THE WAY OF ALL FRENCH

WHEN one language borrows heavily from another, neither the borrower nor the lender can feel highly flattered, for the words in question most frequently belong to the vocabulary of sport, high society, gaming, and cookery. It has more than once been pointed out that the most widely used of English words are 'high life,' 'beefsteak,' to 'blackball,' 'club,' and the like. A writer in *L'Ère Nouvelle* bewails the inroads upon the French language of the English vocabulary of sport as illustrated in a report of Miss Helen Wills's tennis passage with Mlle. Vlasto. He quotes the following phrases with a kind of austere grief: '*En attendant ce* match,' '*les* courts *du Métropole*,' '*sur son mirador trône un* speaker,' '*la mode des* tennis women,' '*un* sweater,' '*un* round *ou deux de* sparring,' '*elle* drive *avec brio*,' '*les* undercuts *de* Jack Dempsey.'

✻

A COMMUNICATION

The Editor of the *Living Age*

DEAR SIR, —

Issue of February 13, 1926, page 359. 'Winter Moonrise,' lines 2, 3, and 8.

When we see the new moon, it is *always setting.*

Probably others have written about this. Goethe said somewhere (and probably in German), 'Let your imagination illuminate the facts.'

Very truly yours,

J. ROWE WEBSTER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS ABROAD

The Crime at Vanderlynden's, by R. H. Mottram. London: Chatto and Windus; New York: The Dial Press. $2.50.

[Observer]

WITH *The Crime at Vanderlynden's* Mr. Mottram completes his trilogy of war novels. In *The Spanish Farm* — which, by the way, won the Hawthornden prize in 1924 — the central figure was Madeleine Vanderlynden, the silent, courageous Frenchwoman of the soil, stolid and yet capable of passion both in love and resentment; in *Sixty-Four, Ninety-Four* it was Skene, the volunteer officer, to whom, at the start, the war was an adventure and, at the end, a business; and now in this last book it is Dormer, who, as the wrapper says, 'presents the barely articulate view of the masses in the ranks.'

The actual crime at Vanderlynden's was the destruction of a shrine by a British soldier who wanted shelter for his mules. Madeleine — the shrine was on the land of the Spanish farm — claims compensation, and for months afterward Dormer, who has the case in hand, is trying to find the guilty man, keep headquarters quiet, and pacify the claimants. We imagine Mr. Mottram has chosen his instance carefully to emphasize what a nightmare of futility the war was to the average man. It was not the break-up of empires, the struggle between moral principles, the possible wrecking of Western civilization, that worried men like Dormer. The war to him was not a gallant tilting of right against wrong — although, to be just to Dormer, he felt instinctively that he *was* on the right side; it was an affair of pink slips covered with words such as 'Passed to you, please, for necessary action,' 'Kindly refer to A.Q.M.G.'s minute dated July 1916.' Dormer's job was not, to paraphrase Mr. Chesterton, to remember that he was a Christian man and stand where his fathers had stood before him; it was to track down the unfortunate wretch who had broken into the shrine to get shelter for his mules. The lessons from Mr. Mottram's unemotionally told parable are easy enough to draw.

It is enough here to say that there are signs in *The Crime at Vanderlynden's* that Mr. Mottram found his material running out, — a fair amount of it is more or less vain repetition of *Sixty-Four, Ninety-Four,* — but it is distinguished by that same austerity of feeling and economy of expression that made *The Spanish Farm* such a memorable book, and that gives Mr. Mottram his peculiar fitness to write of war.

Twenty-Five: Being a Young Men's Candid Recollections of His Elders and Betters, by Beverley Nicholls. London: Jonathan Cape. *7s. 6d.*

[Daily Telegraph]

'WHY not write about some of the exciting people one has seen while they still excite one?' asks Mr. Beverley Nicholls in justification of his claim that 'twenty-five seems to me the latest age at which anybody should write an autobiography.' Why not, indeed? It 's a wonderful age, of fine enthusiasms and generous judgments, and, for a young man of Mr. Nicholls's brilliant talent (has he not given us three excellent books before reaching his first anecdotage?), numberless opportunities for meeting people some of whom at least are exciting. And looking at the portrait that graces the frontispiece we realize that this is just the book that the youth there presented would write — a delicious mixture of happy impudence and hero-worship, a candor sometimes straying toward, but never into, the realm of indiscretion, a boundless capacity for friendship, and an often-displayed shrewdness of judgment of men — and women — and affairs.

In short, Mr. Nicholls has accomplished what so many of his 'elders and betters' (it is so easy to imagine the smile that accompanied the phrase) have attempted and failed — a book about himself which everybody will want to read. Kings and queens, presidents and playwrights, authors and actors, cabinet ministers and company-promoters, great ladies and great artists, jostle each other through his pages. He has a gift for making them talk. As they talk he studies them, and 'Twenty-Five' is in reality a series of studies of notable persons as they appeared to eager, friendly eyes. Here, for example, is his considered opinion of the Countess of Oxford and Asquith: —

'This lady has been very much maligned by the British public. A section of that public regard her as vulgar because she is enthusiastic, prejudiced because she is loyal, conceited because she is frank, and generally a very tiresome creature. They have not the wit to realize that she is, in reality, a woman almost unbearably sen-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sitive, who is aggressive only in self-defense, and that she is so emotional that she does things in public that some people regard as outrageous only because they do not understand her.'

Red Soil by L. E. Gielgud. London: William Heinemann. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Observer*]

It is easy to get heroes gracefully and naturally into dangerous positions; it is always difficult to get them out without complete sacrifice of good sense and probability. Usually the author, tired of playing to the rules and trying to stage a dignified exit, reaches down a large hand, seizes his hero by the scruff of the neck, and hurls him unfairly and ignominiously into safety. If Mr. Gielgud's book had no other merit whatsoever, it would still be commendable for the cleverness with which he manœuvres the escape of Stanislas and Count Vladimir from the 'Reds.' Stanislas and Count Vladimir were two members of a little party of officers cut off in a Russian village by their mutinous men. With them is a girl, Olga, Count Vladimir's daughter, who, often daringly, but unsuccessfully, impersonating a well-known woman revolutionary, still manages to keep her nerve and help nobly in the escape of her father and her lover — Olga is just the sort of girl, in fact, one would like to have about if one were besieged oneself by revolutionaries determined on torture. We have said 'if Mr. Gielgud's book had no other merit.' As a matter of fact, it has several. It is written with an admirable directness for one thing; and, for another, Mr. Gielgud has not forgotten that, for a story to be really exciting, the protagonists must have some interest in themselves. Peter Abramovitch, the 'Red' leader, is excellent, and Henryk, Stanislas's brother, who turns renegade, is much more the kind of person one would expect to meet in life than in adventure stories.

Critical Essays, by Osbert Burdett. London: Faber and Gwyer. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Manchester Guardian*]

Mr. Burdett has a right to be heard. Four years ago his *Idea of Coventry Patmore* rediscovered the poet of *The Angel in the House* to a generation that had no right ever to have forgotten him, while the more recent *The Beardsley Period* elucidated the governing motives of a decade that still influences our literature. Some of these essays are footnotes on themes he has already handled, but in the main they are samples from his critical pot — a well-assorted pot, always on the simmer. Among other themes Mr. Burdett deals with Passion plays, George Meredith, John Gay, and Mrs. Meynell, and all of these he discusses without pedantry, in the style of graceful conversation. As with all good conversation, there are things with which we do not agree. Mr. Burdett finds the difficulties of Meredith's poetry exaggerated; we should ask him for a critical edition of the *Odes in Contribution to the Song of French History.* Again, to date *vers libre* from Henley is to forget the irregular verse of Matthew Arnold's 'Strayed Reveller,' and that much ill-used book, *The Man Shakespeare,* can stand more praise than he gives it in his essay on Frank Harris.

The implied dogma of Mr. Burdett's critical position is that all things are possible to men of good taste; it does not matter if it is *The Angel in the House* or *The Harlot's House* so long as the work has sincerity and form and is addressed to those who understand. He deals, in 'The Effect of Printing on Literature,' with the incursions of Demos on literature. He would keep the many-headed multitude away from the arcana of literature, though from his essay on 'The Art of Mr. Chaplin' he seems prepared to give them the film. We hope this theory of a literary aristocracy will never lead Mr. Burdett to keep his essays to himself, for they have a crispness of wit, and withal a novelty of approach, that make them things that we should like to share with him.

Reminiscences, by Mrs. J. Comyns Carr. With numerous illustrations, including some hitherto unreproduced portraits by Sargent. London: Hutchinson. 21*s.*

[*Morning Post*]

Mrs. Comyns Carr takes us among the famous Victorian artists, — all sorts and conditions of them, — and she is perpetually quoting their *ipsissima verba,* in which, generally speaking, there is a refreshing lack of cleverness. Wagner sulks at a reception; it is noted that he has only a Port, but Frau Cosima a Presence. Browning, who 'looks like a very prosperous wine merchant,' is generous in praise of Tennyson, 'the Kid-glove Poet,' and breaks down in the second stanza when persuaded, much against his will, to recite 'How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix.' A record of his recitation was being made on an early phonograph, and nobody grasped the fact that the breakdown had become part of the performance. Eight-year-old Philip Comyns Carr tells Burne-Jones frankly, much to the famous painter's delight, 'I think I could paint as well as you if only I had the same colors in my paint-box.' The most amusing thing in the book is the reproduction of a spoof-sketch by Burne-Jones of Susanna and the Elders — after Rubens. We meet Mr. Hardy engaged in superintending a rehearsal at Liverpool of a dramatic version of *Far from the Madding Crowd.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

Miniature Portraits, by Gédéon Tallemant, Sieur des Réaux. New York: Brentano's, 1926. $4.00.

THREE hundred years before the days of 'psychographs' and Stracheys, Gédéon Tallemant was born. During his life he met everybody of consequence at the French court, where he gleaned spicy, intimate bits of gossip from and about such figures as Cardinal Richelieu, Henry IV, Louis XIII, Ninon de Lenclos, Cardinal de Retz, and Madame de Rambouillet. He wrote nearly five hundred character-sketches, in which he mentioned six thousand different people by name. In this selection, the able translator, Mr. Hamish Miles, has assembled twenty of the most interesting of these 'historiettes,' that on Richelieu being by far the longest. Although the anecdotes of which each sketch is composed are related swiftly and skillfully, the effect is not so smooth as it should be. When the Portraits were first published, in 1833, they caused a great stir, for they tended to make ridiculous a period that many patriotic Frenchmen cherished. But the general reader, to whom this very handsome book is addressed, will find in it a delightful combination of history and hearsay.

At the Sign of the Goat and Compasses, by Martin Armstrong. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1925. $2.00.

THE life of a few simple folk in a little village on the coast of England is the theme of this novel. Crome is one of those sleepy places where nothing ever happens. At least that is what we say as we motor through. And that is what every native son of eighteen who has been up to the big city for a holiday says to his friends each Sunday as they stand on the street corner after church. For such a lad the remark has more than a superficial truth. After we have made it clear that it is ours, we Anglo-Saxons bear the burden of the world in dignified silence. Our first impulse after every catastrophe is to hush it up. Not until manhood, if at all, does the boy learn the strange story of his neighbor's life. One is grateful to the author for telling his tale with such simplicity and sincerity. He does not indulge in a single literary flourish; not once does he betray his own existence. The result is a work of great dignity and power. It is long since we have spent a more enjoyable evening.

Half a Minute's Silence, and Other Stories, by Maurice Baring. Garden City: Doubleday, Page and Company, 1925. $2.00.

MR. BARING offers us in polished prose a small volume of stories and sketches on widely differing themes. Too short for character-development, they depend for their effects upon the narrative or upon a tour de force. The title story describes the thoughts of a group of people during thirty seconds of silence. Nine are tales of the supernatural, three are parables, four, including the first, are sketches. It is a vaudeville show to beguile the passing hour. From time to time one applauds some special stunt, comfortably conscious the while that nothing will be repeated. The difference is that here one can smoke, shift the numbers at random, and enjoy the best seat in the house. We do not, however, mean to suggest that we have discovered here a potential rival to Swiss yodelers. 'Heard melodies are sweet' — and that is enough of the quotation for most of us.

The Re-making of the Nations, by J. H. Nicholson. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, 1925. $5.00.

MR. NICHOLSON, an Albert Kahn Fellow, set out from Paris in September 1922 and put in the better part of a year going around the world. His book might be called the Travel Diary of a Gentleman, for the author lays no claim to supernatural abilities in any field. He is simply an intelligent person who visited a great many places, used his eyes, and kept his head. He devotes himself chiefly to the contrasts between the East and the West, bearing in mind the fact that India is racially akin to Europe and not to China and Japan. He touches upon many a sore and vital point in various parts of the world, and goes into long discussions of the religions of different peoples. The effectiveness of such a book depends entirely upon the personality of the author, who soon reveals himself as a thoroughly good fellow, tolerant and unaffected. His opinion on any subject would command our respect, and he has here chosen topics that would interest us no matter who discussed them.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ROSES IN THE LITTLE GARDEN

By G. A. Stevens

Ready
April 10
Illustrated $1.75

No. 6 in the
Little Garden
Series

FASHIONS change in roses but the adoration of the rose does not change. To many, a garden, even a little garden, without roses is unthinkable.

Success with roses largely depends upon the adaptation of varieties to localities. The author is experienced in the growing of roses and writes especially to help garden lovers who have comparatively small space.

This book is the sixth volume in the exceedingly popular *Little Garden Series* edited by *Mrs. Francis King*. It is not only a practical, clear, up-to-date treatise on the rose, but it is a guide to beauty and all that this implies.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY BOOKSHOP

8 Arlington Street **Boston, Mass.**

STUDY SUGGESTIONS FOR THE CLASS-ROOM

March 20, 1926

A STORMY SESSION. Identify: Horthy, Bethlen, Nadossy, Windische-Grätz, Archduke Albrecht. On what grounds does the Hungarian prime minister defend his government? What is the Trianon Treaty?

SNAPSHOTS OF THE CHINESE WHIRLPOOL. Summarize the positions taken by Kuo Sung-lin, Feng Yu-hsiang, and Li Ching-lin. Why is Feng supposed to have the support of the Soviet government? Describe the fight at Tientsin.

HOW THE SOVIET GOVERNMENT MOVED TO MOSCOW. How long was Petrograd the capital of the Soviet government? What were the reasons for moving to Moscow? Account for: (1) the necessity for secrecy in the transactions; (2) the hostility of the Mensheviks; (3) Lenin's emotion on entering the Kremlin.

A CONRAD HEROINE IN REAL LIFE. Explain: (1) 'unfinished symphony of human unrest;' (2) 'the fascination of Lady Hamilton;' (3) 'a living impersonation of Niobe;' (4) 'the time of the "emigration."' To what extent do you suppose Conrad was conscious of utilizing this particular material?

The purpose of these suggestions is not only to assist the teacher in adapting the *Living Age* to the class-room, they are also intended to show our more casual readers how readily the magazine lends itself to a systematic study of the world we live in.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The Town Hall of the Printed Word"

SOMEONE has called the FORUM "the town hall of the printed word": it is a nickname that fits.

The FORUM is unique among American periodicals. It gives both sides. Since there is no editorial axe to grind, it can (and does!) enter upon subjects long taboo in journalism; religion and race, for example.

FORUM pages are open to Catholic and Ku Kluxer, Facist and anti-Facist, "Modernist" and "Fundamentalist", Pacifist and Militarist, Jew and "100% Protestant American Nordic". Contributors qualify on the score of their ability to speak with authority; with honesty; interestingly. They are expected to be frank.

The FORUM is not trying to breed discontent nor foment discord. It is attempting to interpret modern America by getting at "the truth that lies somewhere between", and behind, clouded issues of the day.

Naturally the FORUM is not "edited down" to the millions. Nor is it highbrow, for 50,000 new readers have discovered it within the past year.

The "town hall" bids fair to become an outdoor mass meeting!

FORUM

A MAGAZINE OF CONTROVERSY

Edited by HENRY GODDARD LEACH

35 CENTS AT NEWS STANDS · $4.00 YEARLY

Published at 247 Park Avenue, New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG